

April 25¢

IND
10

MAN to MAN

THE STAG MAGAZINE

"Why I am A Nudist"



LORIS PEDERSON

the Gift she'll Love you for!



Bewitching
BLACK or
Flame RED



Exciting
PEEN-THRU
LACE



Oh-so-
FRENCHY!

Ah Cherie

naughty French Nightie

"AWH, CHERIE!" ... you'll whisper—
when you see this wisp of French
fignery. It's daring... half Peen-Thru lace,
half rayon sheer, all black and enchanting
... revealing all her charms. And... the
final oh-so-French touch... a chic top
that stops short to expose her smooth bare
midriff! ... so-lal-lal Give her this French-
style nightie. You'll LOVE her in it...
she'll LOVE you for it!

only \$995

Send 42-48 \$11.95

mMMmm, Mimi
naughty French Negligée

ZE FRENCH KNOW. She'll thrill you with the roman-
ces of Paris... in this French-style negligée.
All lace... bewitching, black lace... revealing
her charms through a peen-thru filigree of flow-
ers! Clasped at the waist with jewel-like buttons
... that's all! And... the final French touch
... soft rippling net ruffles, from hood to toe.
Give her... Mmmmm, MIMI! You'll LOVE her in it!

\$1595

only

Send 42-48 \$13.95

CAN-CAN

naughty French Chemise

ZE FRENCH, ZEY LOVE IT! Bewitching... black
peek-a-boo lace... revealing... rayon sheer
... all black and enchanting... with a spicy
silk at the hip, a daring dip at the neck... chic
with shocking-pink braes. And... so-lal-lal...
the elasticized back holds and molds her every
curve... with or without shoulder straps. Give
her CAN-CAN. You'll LOVE her in it... she'll
LOVE you for it!

\$795

only

Send 42-48 \$9.95

Send No Money
ON ORDER TO SHIP APPROPRIATE



LINGERIE DE FRANCE INC. DEPT. 321-D

36 West 34th St., New York 1, N. Y.

Please send me French-style lingerie checked below. If not entirely satisfied,
I can return within 10 days for full cash refund.

- ☐ mMMmm, MIMI—French-style negligée \$15.95
☐ Can-Can—French-style chemise \$7.95
☐ Ah, Cherie—Naughty French nightie \$9.95

Send me size

(for sizes 42-48 add \$3.00 extra)

☐ To save money, I enclose \$

☐ Ship C.O.D., I will pay postage.

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

COLORS: Bewitching BLACK or Flame RED

Write 1st and 2nd color choice.

1st color choice

2nd color choice

Lingerie
de France

36 West 34th St.,
New York 1, N. Y.



You Practice COMMUNICATIONS

I send you parts to build this transmitter



As part of my Communications Course you build this low power broadcasting transmitter, learn how to put a station "on the air," perform procedures demanded of Broadcast Station operators, make many tests.

This is just part of the equipment my students build. You keep all parts I send.

You Practice Radio SERVISING

on this modern radio you build with parts I send



As part of my Servicing Course, I send you the speaker, tubes, chassis, transformer, loop antenna, EVERYTHING you need to build this modern, powerful Radio Receiver! I also send parts to build many other Radio circuits. You use equipment for practical experience, and to earn EXTRA money in spare time.

BE A RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIAN

NOW! Advanced Television Practice

Now, special TV kits furnished to build high-definition SCOPES... RF OSCILLATOR with flyback power supply... complete TV set... many other units. Get complete, new-tech wave forms. Get precise, valuable PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE locating and correcting for faults, pictures and picture.

Learn Servicing or Communications Practice at Home in Spare Time.



L. E. SMITH, President National Radio Institute

Do you want good pay, a job with a bright future and security? Would you like to have a profitable shop or store of your own? If so, find out how you can realize your ambition in the fast growing, prosperous RADIO-TELEVISION industry. Even without Television, the industry is bigger than ever before, 80 million home and auto Radios, 1100 Broadcasting Stations, spending use of Artistic and Police Radio, Micro-wave Radio, Two-way Radio for buses, taxis, etc. are making opportunities for Servicing and Communications Technicians and FCC-Licensed Operators.

Television is TODAY's Good Job Maker

In 1960, over 5,000,000 TV sets sold. By 1964, 25,000,000 TV sets estimated. Over 100 TV Stations now operating. Authorities predict 1,000 TV Stations. This means more jobs good pay for qualified men all over the United States and Canada.

Many Make \$10 Extra a Week in Spare Time

Keep your job while training. Hundreds of successful RADIO-TELEVISION TECHNICIANS I trained had no previous experience, some only a grammar school education. Learn Radio-Television principles from illustrated lessons. Get PRACTICAL EXPERIENCE—build valuable multistage—equipment with circuits common to Radio and Television. Keep all equipment. Many students make \$5, \$10 extra a week fixing neighbors' Radios in spare time. SPECIAL BOOKLETS start teaching you the day you enroll.

Send Now For 2 Books FREE—Mail Coupon

Send now for my FREE DOUBLE COUPON. You get actual Servicing lesson to show you how you learn at home. Also my 64-page book, "How to be a Success in Radio-Television." Read what my graduates are doing, earning; see equipment you purchase; learn circuits common to Radio and Television. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3063, National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C. Don't miss this.

I TRAINED THESE MEN



"I have been operating my own Servicing business. In two years I am \$14,000 worth of business; net profit \$4,500. Have one full time employee, an NRI student."—E. J. PHILLIP, G. BROGAN, Louisville, Ky.



"Four years ago, I was a bookkeeper, with a hand-to-mouth salary. Now I am a Radio Engineer with a key position of the American Broadcasting Company network."—NORMAN E. WARD, Ridgefield Park, New Jersey.



"When halfway through the NRI course, I made in 15 a week fixing sets in my spare time. And now selling and installing Television sets and antennas."—E. J. PHILLIP, RIDGEFIELD PARK, N. J.



"My first job was operator with KDKA, selected for me by your Graduate Service Dept. I am now Chief Engineer of Police Radio Station WQOL. I never looked to make NRI."—T. A. NORTON, Hamilton, Ohio.



EXTRA PAY IN ARMY,



NAVY, AIR FORCE

Knowing Radio, TV, Electronics can help you get extra rank, extra privilege, more interesting duty at pay up to several times a private's base pay. You are also prepared for good Radio-TV jobs upon leaving service. Mail Coupon TODAY.

Have Your Own Business

Many N.R.I. trained men start their own Radio-Television sales and service business without capital. Let me show you how you, too, can be your own boss, have a good income from your own shop. Send coupon for FREE book now!

Tested Way to Better Pay

The ABC's of SERVISING

Be a Success in RADIO-TELEVISION

Good for Both—FREE

SEN. J. E. SMITH, President, Dept. 3063

National Radio Institute, Washington 9, D. C.

Mail me Sample Lesson and 64-page Book about How to Win Success in Radio-Television. Both FREE. (No Salesman will call. Please write plainly.)

Name Age

Address

City Zone State

☐ Check if Veterans Approved for training under G. I. Bill

MAN to MAN

Volume 3

Number 3

THE STAG MAGAZINE •

W. W. SCOTT

Editor-in-Chief

CLYDE CAVENDISH

Assistant Editor

RAY CHATTERTON

Article Editor

HOWARD DAUGHTON

Fiction Editor

ARTHUR PETERSON

Picture Editor

NEIL CRAWFORD

Sports Editor

JAY BURTIS

Advertising Manager

JON LAURELL — Art Director

CONTENTS

April, 1952

ARTICLES

world's largest paradise of prostitutes - - 6
eric kulick

are dime-a-dance halls immoral? - - - 16
l. mackay helps

the truth about cannibals - - - - 22
sanford benis

is there a supernatural strength? - - - 24
edgar williams

coffee can poison you - - - - - 34
hugo von schonfeld

TRUE STORIES

tragic drowning of 1,500 people - - - 8
thorp mcclusky

i took the drug cure - - - - - 10
anonymous

why i am a nudist - - - - - 20
mary phillips

33 men and 1 woman on a desert island - 28
charles v. nemo

FICTION

too old to fight - - - - - 12
gene mitchell

why did you kill me? - - - - - 32
volney lacy

SPORT

the boxer who started a senate investigation 18
clem boddington

PICTORIAL

sunkist beauty contest - - - - - 14

man to man, she's a sweetheart - - - 26

devil dancer - - - - - 30

shape in the grass - - - - - 36

CARTOONS

by treceno, pom, reiker, ali, beaven and
yates.

COVER

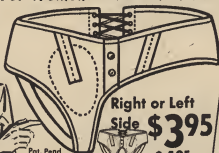
globe photos inc.

MAN TO MAN is published bi-monthly by Volitant Publishing Corporation at 105 East 35th Street, New York 18, N. Y. Re-entered as second class matter March 19, 1951, at the Post Office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. Single copy price, 35 cents; yearly subscription \$1.50. The publishers will handle all submitted manuscripts with care, but all such material must be accompanied by return postage is submitted at the author's risk. Copyright 1952, by Volitant Corporation.
April issue, 1952. Volume 3, Number 3.

Printed in U.S.A.

HERE IS IMMEDIATE COMFORT FOR YOU WITH RUPTURE-EASER

For Men! For Women! For Children!



Pat. Pend.

Right or Left

Side

\$3.95

Double

\$4.95

**NO FITTING
REQUIRED!**

NOW YOU CAN ...

**THROW AWAY THOSE
GOUGING, TORTURING
TRUSSES --- GET NEW
WONDERFUL RELIEF
WITH
RUPTURE-EASER**

THE MOST EFFECTIVE HERNIA SUPPORT

Rupture-Easer is the most effective support on the market today. Thousands of people who have tried old-fashioned, expensive devices turn to Rupture-Easer for amazing new comfort. Rupture-Easer is easy to wear, lasts.

RUPTURE-EASER IS SANITARY

Unlike old-time cumbersome supports Rupture-Easer is comfortable and sanitary. It can be washed without harm to the fabric. You never offend when you wear Rupture-Easer.

EASY TO ORDER

Just measure around the lowest part of the abdomen and state right or left side or double.

10 DAY TRIAL OFFER

Money-back guarantee if you don't get relief.

DELAY MAY BE SERIOUS

ORDER TODAY

Piper Brace Co., Dept. MTM-52
811 Wyandotte, Kansas City 6, Mo.

**OVER 300,000
GRATEFUL USERS!**

Unalloyed Testimonials From
Our Thousands on File:

**E. C. of Corvallis, Oregon, Air
Mail:** "Send me another Rupture-Easer so I will have one to change off with. It is enabling me to work at top speed of my press machine 8 hrs. a day."

Mr. P. S. of New York City wants us to know he is "very pleased with my Rupture-Easer. It has given me great relief and I feel more safe than ever in wearing this support."

M. E. of Anderson, Ind., thanks us and says: "It is one of the finest things I have ever worn and has made my life worth living. It has given me untold ease and comfort."

M. D. E. of Greenwich, N. Y. writes: "I find my Rupture-Easer the most comfortable and satisfactory of any truss I have ever worn."

Mrs. L. M. C., Blackburn, Mo. writes: "The Rupture-Easer I bought from you has done so much good I couldn't forget you this Christmas season."

**THERE'S NO SUBSTITUTE
FOR PROVO PERFORMANCE
ORDER TODAY!**

A strong, form-fitting washable support designed to give you relief and comfort. Snaps up in front. Adjustable back-lacing and adjustable leg straps. Soft flat grain pad—no steel or leather bands. Unexcelled for comfort, invisible under light clothing. Washable. Also used as after operation support. Sizes for men, women and children. Easy to Order—MAIL COUPON NOW! (Note: Be sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

PIPER BRACE CO., 811 Wyandotte, Dept. MTM-52 Kansas City 6, Mo.

Please send my RUPTURE-EASER by return mail.

Right Side ☐ \$3.95
Left Side ☐ \$3.95
Double ☐ \$4.95

Measure around lowest part
of my abdomen in

INCHES.

We Prepay Postage Except on C.O.D.'s
(Note: Be sure to give Size and Side when ordering.)

Enclosed is ☐ Money Order ☐ Check for \$ ☐ Send C. O. D.

Name _____

Address _____

City and State _____

WORLD'S LARGEST PARADISE OF PROSTITUTES

London's Piccadilly Circus

By ERIC KULICK

Famous War Correspondent

PICCADILLY CIRCUS is to London what Times Square is to New York and Hollywood and Vine is to Los Angeles.

It is the center of the nightclub district, and it is faced by some of the largest hotels and most expensive restaurants in all England. It is also one of the largest flesh-pots in the world.

There were very few American soldiers in World War II who passed through London without fighting the Battle of Piccadilly. It was a battle without guns or tanks or airplanes, but it was one of the costliest battles ever fought, against two of the worst unseen enemies.

The enemies were gonorrhea and syphilis, and they probably knocked more troops out of action than the Normandy landings.

In those blackout days of the war, business was booming for the prostitutes. The London bobbies tried to hold them in check as much as possible, but the job was too big and there were too few policemen to tackle it.

For every girl they collared and dragged to the lockup for examination, two new prostitutes came up to take her place in the milling Piccadilly crowds.

And some of these round-heeled ladies of the night made tax-free fortunes. Prices ranged from two pounds for a short visit to their boudoirs of love to ten pounds and more for a night.

In those days the pound was worth about \$4.05. Figure it out for yourself.

BUT for untold numbers of the lonely soldiers who took up with these harlots, the memory of their visits lingered for weeks or months.

They lined up at the dispensaries or base hospitals for sulpha pills or penicillin shots, they suffered the "death of a thousand needles" and swore never again. But that didn't stop business in Piccadilly Circus.

There were always more soldiers coming over who didn't know the price they might have to pay for a night in London.

Most of the London prostitutes
(Continued on page 49)



Most of the London prostitutes peddle their wares openly on the streets. Competition is terrific, and the girls use every trick.

Is the rendezvous of many thousands of girls who peddle their bodies



Photo by Ewing Galloway

This great traffic center is to greater London what busy Times Square is to greater New York.



Posed by professional models

Some of the girls took up prostitution because they enjoyed that way of earning their living.



Posed by professional models

At night, the prostitutes are so numerous that a pedestrian hes to sidestep to get around them.

TRAGIC DROWNING of

1,500 PEOPLE



The Titanic was a huge ship, the mightiest ever constructed, supposed to be unsinkable.

**The greatest of all sea disasters
was the wreck of the huge Titanic**

By THORP McCLUSKY

AT 11:40 P.M. on the evening of April 14, 1912, the hugest ship ever built by human hands and ingenuity—the “unsinkable Titanic”—struck an iceberg in the North Atlantic about 1,000 miles east of Boston and almost due south of Newfoundland.

At 2:30 A.M. on the morning of April 15, 1912, this selfsame “unsinkable ship” vanished from human sight forever, as she started her final prow-first and absolutely vertical dive to the floor of the Atlantic, two miles below.

Then across the still, calm water arose one of the most horrible sounds ever heard by man. It went on for more than an hour; some say it continued for an hour and a half or even longer. One witness described it as “a vast moaning and wailing.”

Another, Col. Archibald Gracie, who wrote an excellent book titled *The Truth About the Titanic*, described it as “. . . the agonized cries of death from over a thousand throats, the wails and groans of the suffering, the shrieks of the terror-stricken and the awful gaspings for breath of those in the last throes of drowning.”

The Death of the Titanic was, in many ways, the most dramatic of all sea disasters. Certainly it was the most stupendous—excluding naval engagements—of all such catastrophes.

And it was full of unbelievable happenings, which made many pious observers wonder if the Hand of the Almighty had not been raised against those presumptuous men who had dared to call a ship “un-



Then across the calm, still water arose one of the most horrible sounds ever heard by men, a vast moaning and wailing, death cries from a thousand throats.

sinkable” and the gullible ones who had believed the proud boat.

One thousand five hundred and ninety-five persons drowned in the sinking of the Titanic; only 745 were saved.

DID the Captain of the Titanic—Mr. Edward J. Smith—blow out his brains on the ship’s bridge as she was sinking? Was the ship traveling at top speed despite iceberg warnings?

Could the lookout have seen the iceberg that sank the Titanic if he had been provided with binoculars? Was the rule “Women and children first” enforced? Were there incidents of great bravery and abject cowardice?

Here’s the true story, pieced together from many sources.

The Titanic was a much larger ship than we may be inclined to suppose offhand today. She was, in fact, almost as big as the present-day British “Queens”—483 feet long, 92 feet 6 inches beam, 175 feet from keel to funnel tops, with 11 steel decks.

She was staunchly constructed, with steel cross-beams and hull plates weighing as much as four tons.

She was driven by three propellers, actuated by steam from 28 boilers which in turn were heated by 129 furnaces.

Her maximum speed, at 78 propeller revolutions per minute, had been estimated at 21 knots.

In addition to being the largest and most costly

passenger ship ever built, the Titanic was also the heaviest and certainly the safest.

THE Titanic sailed from Southampton on Wednesday, April 10, and put in briefly at Cherbourg and Queenstown. Aboard were many famous celebrities, including philanthropist Isidor Straus and Mrs. Straus; Col. John Jacob Astor and his exquisite young wife; Benjamin Guggenheim; James Clinch Smith; John B. Thayer; George D. Widener; Henry B. Harris, the theatrical producer, and scores of others.

The weather on Sunday night was almost frighteningly calm and clear. The sea was as motionless as oil; the stars shone brilliantly; not a cloud was in sight.

The Titanic was already receiving Marconigrams warning of ice ahead, while the increased cold of the air was another warning. Early in the evening, the ship’s officers were warned to be on the watch for ice.

Yet, according to Quartermaster J. H. Moody in later testimony, the Titanic was stepping up her speed in an effort to smash the record for the crossing.

Several incidents occurred which might almost lead a superstitious person to believe that the ship was doomed by a Higher Power. At 9:50 P.M. the S. S. Mesaba wireless that she was encountering ice, including “great numbers of large icebergs.”

But the Titanic’s chief wireless operator did not

(Continued on page 62)



There were too few lifeboats for all. So only the women and children were allowed to leave.



I was in the living hell of a vicious drug habit—I needed expert help to break it

"I TOOK THE DRUG CURE"

By ANONYMOUS

EVERY pore in my body cried out for morphine.

My heart was thumping wildly. I felt it falter and miss a beat, was drenched in perspiration by the horrible fear that each beat would be the last.

Every nerve and fibre in my body seemed on fire. I jerked from head to foot. The unbearable agony sent me staggering around the room, banging my head, arms and legs against furniture and walls.

Inside my skull a million ham-

mers pounded harder and harder, until my head finally exploded in a blaze of dazzling, white-hot pain that drove me stark, raving mad.

Suddenly, the room was peopled with strange faces. Arms and legs held my thrashing body down. There was the salty taste of blood in my mouth as I bit into a wrist. Then blessed oblivion.

WHEN I awakened, I found myself in bed in a strange room. I couldn't move; my body was confined in a restraint sheet. I felt calm and relaxed.

A male nurse looked in, saw that my eyes were open and called the

All night long I twisted and turned, sleepless on my bed.

doctor. After taking my pulse, the medico sat on the edge of my bed.

"Can you hear me, son?" he asked gently.

I nodded.

"Do you know where you are?"

I shook my head.

"You're in the psychopathic ward of the city hospital," he announced. "Do you know why you're here?"

It all came back to me in a rush. That shabby room in a cheap hotel, and the discovery that I had run out of morphine. No more job, and no money to support a \$20-per-day habit.

The gaunt, haggard, terribly emaciated face with a three-days' growth of beard that stared back at me from the bathroom mirror.

It was then I decided to kick the habit.

I knew it wouldn't be easy, but it was much tougher than I thought. Long hours of depression and deep unhappiness, followed by



I was put on "rapid withdrawal" with less morphine—and more sedatives.

acute physical discomfort turning into severe pain.

I'd tried sleeping pills and whisky but they didn't help. The rest was a nightmare of torture far worse than any devised by the Inquisition or conjured up in Hell. . . .

"Morphine," I said weakly to the doctor. "I tried to get off the stuff."

"How long you been on it?"

"Nearly a year," I told him. It seemed incredible to me that in such a short time I should become so enslaved to a drug.

"How much of a habit do you have?"

"Six grains a day," I whispered.

He shook his head gravely.

"You've got a lot of guts to try to do it single-handed, son. It can't be done that way. Not when you've got so big a habit. Might kill you, or drive you to suicide."

He was telling me!

"Do you still want to break the

(Continued on page 42)



Every pore in my body cried out for morphine. I jerked from head to foot in unbearable agony. My heart thumped wildly.

Photo by professional model

Too Old To Fight

By GENE MITCHELL

FICTION

He had taken too many punches on the chin, the years had crept up too fast. But he did need money!

DOWN through the smoky haze toward the bright circle of light, Irish Bobby Brady made his way. The city arena was filled; filled with sweating bodies, cheap cigars, and raucous voices; filled with people who like to see two men slug each other until blood comes or oblivion descends on one.

Irish Bobby climbed into the ring wearily. There was no bounce to his movement; there was no eagerness in his heart for the conflict. He mitted the crowd without spirit; they gave him a half-hearted welcome.

A fat salesman in the first row, his well-padded face glistening with sweat, grunted to his neighbor. "Don't tell me we have to watch that punch-drunk palooka, Brady. I thought Young Sharkey was fighting tonight."

A wise old-timer (wise because he knew every boxer's record from John L. Sullivan to Joe Louis; otherwise, he knew nothing) broke in, "Don't sell Brady short. I saw him take Johnny Kane. He looked like a champion that night. I told him so, too; walked right up to his corner after the fight and told him so."

The salesman was louder and more contemptuous. "Holy Moses, Pop, that was ten years ago. Since that time he's stopped so many punches with his chin he thinks he's a ballet dancer."

A sailor looked at the fat man with disgust. "What do you know about it? You look like you couldn't go two rounds with your grandmother."

The salesman turned belligerently. The sailor looked hard and fit. His wrath died into a grumble. "All I know is I paid three bucks to see Young Sharkey and I have to look at a stumble-bum."

A blonde, who was just a little too blonde, spoke sweetly. "He must have been a handsome devil before he had his nose smashed."

Her escort, a sleek-looking businessman, smiled indulgently. "A typical woman. Sentimental. He was well paid for that smashed nose."

THE conversation was swept away in the roar that greeted Tony Martinelli as he bounded into the ring. He was wearing an expensive black dressing gown.

His comparatively unmarked face was cast in a pleasant smile. He almost danced over to Brady to shake hands.

The blonde gave a squeal of delight, her interest in Brady forgotten. She nudged her escort. "What a hunk of man!"

The salesman cupped his hands over his mouth. "Have you said your prayers, Brady?"

The old-timer was informing all around him who would listen: "I saw this boy Martinelli stop Eddie Moyer. He's got a left hook that reminds me of Jack Dempsey when Dempsey was good. And you can take it from me I saw Dempsey at his best. Yes sir, I picked this Martinelli as a comer three years ago. Everybody said I was crazy."

The sailor asked, "And were you?"

The old-timer looked perplexed. "Was I what?"

The sailor gave him a bored smile. "Crazy?"

The old-timer returned his attention to the ring.

A tuxedo-clad announcer with a face like an ape's was holding up his hands for silence. The rumble of conversation died away.

The announcer in his best cultured tones began, "Ladies and gentlemen—" He repeated it to make sure they heard.

He began again, "I regret to announce—" He repeated that also.

A voice broke in on him. "Aw, get along with it; you sound like a broken record."

THE announcer glared in the direction of the voice.

He continued without haste. "I regret to announce Young Sharkey will be unable to fight tonight."

A tumultuous chorus of boos swept the arena.

He was holding up his hands again. "I understand your displeasure but I'm sure you will forgive us when I tell you why the gallant young Sharkey asked to be excused." He paused for effect. "Young Sharkey's mother died this afternoon."

A hush fell over the crowd.

"Tough," the old-timer muttered.

"Isn't that sad?" the blonde said, lighting a cigarette.

The salesman, very manly, said, "That's one punch a guy can't take."

The announcer resumed: "Our prayers and our hearts go out to Young Sharkey tonight."

After a respectful moment, he turned toward Irish Bobby Brady's corner. "But the fight must go on. We have been able to secure the services of that veteran campaigner, that former contender for the middleweight crown, the great crowd-pleaser, none other than the Shamrock Kid, Irish Bobby Draddy!"

(Continued on page 50)



SUNKIST *Beauty* CONTEST



ALL THE LOVELY GIRLS you see here come from Southern California, where the girls are, on the average, better-looking than the girls of any other section of the country—with the possible exception of Texas. What better idea could there be, therefore, than to hold a Southern California beauty contest? Contest was limited to the small towns within an area of fifty miles around Los Angeles.



This girl was named "best photographic model." She's eighteen, goes to Hollywood High School.

Best foot forward, each contestant hopes she will win. All come from Southern California.



The girls tidy themselves up as the time for the contest draws near. Some two hundred girls took part in the show

Winner—Eve Bodine. A secretary, she's 22.
Her measurements: 35 bust, 24 waist, 35 hips.

Clorie Maxwell, Jene Ecklund and Carollee
Peterson. And in front is Elizabeth Bess.



ARE DIME-A-DANCE HALLS



Taxi dancers are on the boom once more. What goes on in these halls where the girls use every wile to lure the last dollar from a man?



Posed by professional models

To sit out with a girl at the bar costs a half hour's supply of tickets—or at least \$3.00.

Immoral?

By L. MACKAY PHELPS

WITH the rise of our armed forces climbing steadily, and defense industry booming, millions of American males are abruptly finding themselves in strange localities. Most of them are lonely, and lack female friends.

Simultaneously, most American cities are experiencing a revival of the "taxi-dance hall" with its bevy of "dime-a-dance girls."

There's no doubt that the average young man who is away from home, shy, in need of feminine companionship, feels strangely drawn to these places.

But what's the truth about taxi-dance halls, and the generally attractive girls whose job is to dance with all comers who have the financial wherewithal?

Is the following statement, which appears in the book *"The Taxi-Dance Hall"*, by Paul G. Cressey, a true picture of overall conditions concerning these places today?

"It has been indicated," Mr. Cressey writes, basing his conclusion on a comprehensive survey of taxi-dance halls in Chicago, "that a rationale of exploitation is apparently basic to the enterprise of the taxi-dance hall."

"Associated with it everywhere is the practice of the 'sex game' which serves to prepare the way psychologically for more serious misconduct. Prostitution and allied forms of immorality very naturally follow . . ."

Many serious charges have been leveled against taxi-dance halls. They have been called places which are primarily interested in extracting the last possible dime from the customer, with encouraging and even compelling the girls to use every wile—including promises of a "date later on"—to keep the male patron buying tickets, with inciting or at least permitting sexual and financial rivalries of a morale-destroying sort among the girls—and so on indefinitely.

Because of this controversy, MAN TO MAN asked the writer to survey the taxi-dance hall situation on a national basis. The statements of many managers, girls, and patrons have been obtained. Following are the facts.

(Continued on page 56)



Posed by professional models

The dance hall girl's job depends entirely upon how many tickets she turns in. It's up to her to lure men by every wile she knows.

THE BOXER WHO STARTED A SENATE INVESTIGATION

Many people think Harry Matthews got a bum deal. And it may take the U. S. Senate to fix up his boxing career

By CLEM BODDINGTON

HARRY MATTHEWS, a long-jawed light-heavyweight out of Seattle, Washington, took Madison Square Garden by storm early in March of 1951 when he body-punched his way to victory over a favored Irish Bob Murphy, the ex-sailor southpaw swinger from San Diego, California.

However, it took Matthews nineteen years of boxing, in which he had to be detoured from his original "style," to finally arrive at the Mecca of Swat in New York City.

The International Boxing Club, the biggest promotional organization in the world, reaching out to Chicago, Detroit, Omaha and St. Louis and with working agreements with Jack Solomons, the British promoter, and other fast promoters, had been building up Irish Bob Murphy as a stellar attraction, to use the verblage of the fight announcer.

Murphy had stopped rugged Dick Wagner and then knocked out the promising Jimmy Beau, but Matthews' record of 52 straight fights without a defeat could not be ignored by the International Boxing Club promoter and matchmaker.

After watching Harry draw Irish

Bob's leads, slip them, and then counter with both hands hard to the body, to punch the strength out of Murphy, the New York fans were amazed.

Here was a threat to Joey Maxim and the world's light-heavyweight crown worn by a more or less inactive Maxim.

When Matthews was side-tracked by the International Boxing Club's matchmaker in favor of his defeated opponent, Murphy, for the light-heavyweight title shot, not only thousands of fans but also Senator Harry Cain of Washington as well as other solons of the U. S. Senate became interested in the apparent



Senator Harry P. Cain, of the State of Washington, started the investigation into the runaround handed out to Harry Matthews.



When Harry drew Irish Bob's leads, slipped them, and then countered with both hands hard to the body, all the New York fans were amazed.

run-around which had been given Matthews by the powers-that-be in the I.B.C.

THE legislators were so interested, in fact, that they appointed a committee to begin an investigation of the International Boxing Club and other boxing promoters.

Late in September and during October of last year, investigators for the Senate Committee quizzed numerous managers of fighters, handlers, boxers and other characters associated with what is called, euphemistically, "the fight game."

These sleuths were seen in Stillman's Gymnasium, where the majority of the boxers train in New York City.

George Gainsford, manager of middleweight champion Ray Robinson, was one of the pilots of fighters who was questioned.

He admitted that his champion had a contract with the I.B.C. calling for the exclusive services of Ray Robinson, but he said that he and Ray had not ad-

hered too closely to the letter of the contract when it did not suit their purposes.

It was pointed out, however, by one of the investigators that Robinson had not defended his title for a promoter not connected with the I.B.C.

A manager of another boxer observed that what Robinson did was one thing, but what a Harry Matthews, who wasn't a champion, did was another thing, and another fighter's pilot said:

"Why should I speak out and bite the hand that feeds my meat ticket (boxer)?"

In the early stages of the investigation, it was only to be expected that the managers would be cagey about sounding off to "a stranger."

Jack Hurley, the be-spectacled and soft-spoken manager of Harry Matthews, was not and is not one of those who takes dictation. He is a veteran who, in all probability, could cause many lifted eyebrows in the august United States Senate were he to "tell all."

Shortly after his boy Matthews had defeated Murphy
(Continued on page 51)



I think nudists are the most moral people in the world. We don't need to wear clothes to be moral.



Nudists, both male and female, go about together in groups—without the slightest embarrassment.



We enjoy all kinds of healthy exercise in the nude. We think exercise is best when no clothes are worn.



At all nudist camps both sexes play together and bethe together. Their nakedness is never noticed.

Why I am A

A REVEALING FIRST PERSON ACCOUNT OF WHAT MAKES

By MARY PHILLIPS

I AM 24 years old, single and attractive. My height of 5 feet 7 inches, 37½ inch bust, 26 inch waist and 36 inch hips make me a perfect clothes horse.

I model evening gowns for a living, and look well enough in them to arouse the wolf in every male buyer in the country.

If you don't believe it, you ought to hear them whistle at me. Or better yet, see how they behave when they get me out on a date.

But most evenings I don't wear an evening dress. Or any other clothes, for that matter.

You see, I am a naturist—a practicing nudist. My evenings generally are spent in the company of other nudists, male and female.

We visit with each other, talk, play cards and dance together like any other young people. Except that we don't wear any clothes.

During the summer I spend my weekends at a nud-

ist camp. I take my vacations there, too. I enjoy nude sunbathing, mixed swimming and naked participation in sports like tennis and volley ball.

I revel in the sensation of warm sunlight and fresh, invigorating air on my naked, clean skin.

And nobody ever whistles at me there!

There's been a lot of ridiculous nonsense written about nudists. Uninformed people call us "exhibitionists," "pagans," "immoral" and worse.

They say we practice free love, exchange husbands and wives, go in for promiscuous sex orgies, etc. They accuse us of being Communists or just plain "crackpots."

As a matter of fact, we're the most moral people in the world. Moral, but not narrow-minded. Sure, we're interested in sex. Sex is natural. But our interest is a robust, healthy, wholesome one.

Today, there are nearly a million men, women and children in this country who practice nudism. It's time somebody wrote an honest article about them, telling why they are nudists.

NUDIST

THOSE NUDISTS GO ABOUT NAKED

Since nobody else has done it (except for nudist publications) I'll try.

LIKE everybody else, I was born in the nude. Unlike others, however, life in the raw continued for me throughout my childhood. My parents were nudists, and they brought up their children—two girls and a boy—to have a healthy regard for the human body, in its natural state.

We were the only nudists in our town. Outwardly we behaved exactly like our neighbors. We went to the same schools, churches and movies; we worked, played and prayed with them. Like them we wore proper clothes in public, and conformed in every way.

But as soon as we came into the privacy of our own home, it was our custom to divest ourselves of all our clothing and walk naked and unashamed about the house the rest of the evening. Unless, of course, we had company.

Mother cooked dinner in the nude, we sat at the

(Continued on page 44)



Both men and women actively participate in every kind of outdoor sports, and do them better naked.



Enemy killed in battle were always eaten. As enemy dead were gathered from the battlefield, a festive feast was prepared.

THE *Truth* ABOUT *Cannibals*

By SANFORD BENIS

The eating of human flesh
was a wide-spread custom
among some savage tribes



The Fijians rejoiced at a shipwreck on their islands. Sailors were roasted, although flesh of whites was thought too salty.

CANNIBALISM was officially discovered by the Spaniards, who noticed the practices of a tribe living among the islands of the Caribbean Sea.

These Caribs, or "Caribals" as they were later called, gave rise to the term we use today.

Explorers returning to Europe described the Caribs as quiet, calm, and sedentary, given up to idleness and daydreams, and eaters of human flesh.

According to one report, it was the missionaries who worked the deliverance of the Caribs from the stigma of cannibalism, though not chiefly by the influence of teachings.

Specifically, the Caribs were cured of their appetites by devouring a Dominican monk.

"They fell sick of him," stated a historian, "and would no longer eat either priest or layman."

In combining humor and truth, such stories added to the general credibility that cannibals and cannibalism were not quite real.



Human flesh was generally baked, sometimes roasted, as above.
(Below) Iron pot, of cartoon fame, was never used by tribes.

Even now there is something instantly terrible and ridiculous in the thought of man eating man. Early sea-going men, who should have known the actual state of affairs, joined with the rest in giving cannibalism a lusty strain.

Songs, stories, and today's cartoons continue to reveal our indulgent state-of-mind toward the cannibal.

YET most of them are not the cartoon kind. They are serious people with a serious purpose. They are not only real; they once occupied a good portion of the earth's surface.

The practice has been slowly reduced, but even today it exists among South American tribes, in West Equatorial and Central Africa, in the Malay Archipelago, the South Sea Islands, and in parts of Australia.

More impressive than the areas were the varieties of cannibalism. Originating mainly from hunger, cannibalism was later pursued for reasons of religion, hate, affection, and for the mere pleasure of eating human flesh.

Revenge or hate offered one of the most persistent motives for cannibalism. The cannibal could think



of no more satisfactory method for the expression of this hate than that he should calmly eat an enemy he had killed.

The insult, "I will roast thee," was the most terrible a Samoan could receive. Roasting was the proper culmination of an argu-

ment, and the most pleasant of pictures a cannibal remembered was the cooking and consumption of a former hated enemy.

CANNIBALISM was not at all confined to the eating of men-
(Continued on page 60)

IS THERE A "Supernatural STRENGTH"?

By EDGAR WILLIAMS

ARTICLE

Some people have a weird, uncanny strength. Is this a proof of the real power of Mind over matter?

ON the morning of February 23, 1885, the first of a series of incidents occurred in the prison yard at Exeter, England, that to this day have not been explained in terms of orthodox science.

A prisoner, John Lee, was about to be hanged for the murder of an elderly woman whose property Lee had hoped to inherit.

In the presence of many witnesses, including several reporters, Lee was led up the steps of the scaffold and placed on the trap.

The noose, with its symbolical thirteen loops, was adjusted about his neck and under his ear so as to snap his spinal column when the trap fell. The black hood was placed over his face.

The warders stepped back, and the Sheriff of Exeter Prison gave the signal to release the trap by drawing the restraining bolt. The bolt was pulled free—and by all the laws of gravity the trap should have slammed down, dropping John Lee a matter of eight feet or so to a quick and painless death.

But the trap, supported by hinges on one side and by nothing visible on the other—now that the bolt was drawn—refused to swing down! It merely remained motionless, just as though the bolt were still in place.

Examination revealed that the bolt was not engaging the trap in any way, while tests a few minutes before the hour set for the hanging had proved that the hinges worked freely.

Yet Lee stood there on a trap that was supported on one side by nothing.

After some fussing by the prison carpenter with the

bolt, John Lee was finally taken back to his cell and the execution was postponed until the trouble could be corrected.

But examination of the mechanism revealed that there was no trouble. The bolt was shot, and a warder stood on the trap, grasping the noose in his hands.

The bolt was drawn, and the trap promptly fell, leaving the warder swinging by his hands on the end of the rope.

For the second time, they tried to hang John Lee. And again the trap refused to swing down as the bolt was drawn. They took Lee back to his cell, and the carpenter planed around all the edges of the scaffold floor on all four sides.

For the third time they tried to hang John Lee. Again the trap refused to swing down. Then, defeated, the British Government commuted the sentence to life imprisonment, and Lee actually spent 24 years in prison, finally being freed in 1907.

WHAT was the secret of Lee's amazing immunity to execution, which gained him the title of "The Murderer Who Could Not Be Hanged?"

Through the exercise of some amazing form of will-power, was Lee actually able to successfully command the trap not to fall?

Is there a supernatural protective power that can be tapped at will by those persons who know its secret—which may be simply by "willing hard enough?" Is there a "faith that moves mountains"—as the Bible says?

There is a great deal of evidence that such a power exists. If so, it explains countless legends of persons who possessed "supernatural strength"—Samson, Achilles, and many others.

And now evidence is beginning to accumulate that this force may be tapped by all men, at will, rather than erratically and spasmodically by a few.

In recent experiments at Duke University, the existence of psychokinesis—control of mind over inanimate matter—has already been demonstrated beyond doubt in exhaustive tests, which indicated that almost all people can influence, by thought alone, the fall of "coins, chips, discs and dice."

If psychokinesis is a latent power in most of us—

(Continued on page 46)



MAN TO MAN,

She's A Sweetheart

POSING FOR YOU in this issue of MAN TO MAN is lovely June Cornhill, a local California girl who is now a model and who wants someday to appear as a musical comedy actress. Perhaps these pages will be her first step.



June Cornhill stands five feet, six inches high.



June is a brunette, with sparkling brown eyes.



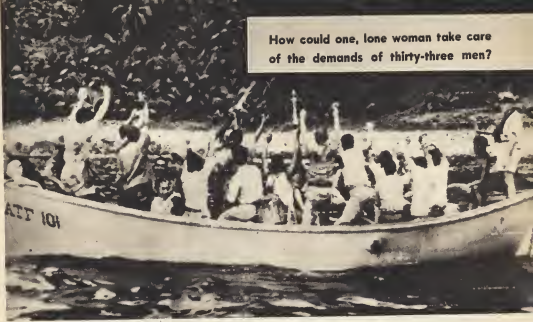
You'd never guess it, but June weighs just a neat 120 pounds.



Junji Inoue, Jap hold-out, a leader of the 33 who were seven years on a desert island.



Note clothes of the seven-year castaways, stitched together from nylon parachutes.



How could one, lone woman take care of the demands of thirty-three men?

All that were left of 33! The 19 surrendering Japanese wave as they leave their isolated stronghold aboard a Navy whaleboat.

33 MEN-AND 1 WOMAN-

By JOEL CHARLES

WHAT happens when 33 men are marooned on a remote desert island with one lone female? This provocative question was answered last June when the last defenders of the one-time Japanese Empire were evacuated from a tiny island in the middle of the Pacific.

For seven long years they had held off would-be rescuers with machine-gun and rifle fire. They couldn't believe that Nippon had been defeated, and so refused to surrender.

During this time six of their number met violent death in fights over a 29-year-old Japanese woman, the only female on the island. Eight others mysteriously disappeared.

Many more undoubtedly would have shared the fate of these unlucky 14, except that the too-popular female decided this was no place for a lady, and made her escape.

Letters from home, dropped on the island by plane, finally convinced the survivors that the war was

over. They emerged from their dense jungle lair, and were taken off by a waiting U. S. Navy craft.

En route home they told officers one of the most unusual sagas in the entire history of the sea.

IT began in 1944, with a Japanese convoy slowly steaming southward some 1,000 miles from Japan. The vessels were loaded with supplies and ammunition for Imperial outposts in the Pacific.

Suddenly, high in the sky above them appeared a flight of U. S. planes. One by one, the planes peeled off and dived upon the ships, hurling bombs and raking the decks with machine-gun fire.

The convoy dispersed in confusion, leaving three small vessels gutted and burning, their crews struggling in the shark-infested waters.

Later that day 33 exhausted survivors dragged themselves ashore on one of the innumerable little islands that make up the Mariana chain.

Known as Anatahon, it is only five miles long and two miles wide, damp and hot, covered with dense tropical jungle.

The only other inhabitants on this islet were a

Japanese named Higa, who had operated a lonely copra collecting station here for several years, and his wife Mrs. Kanuko Higa.

Glad to have company, the Higas made their compatriots welcome. They told the sailors that no ship had touched at the island for more than six months.

With the Americans on the offensive in the Pacific, and increasing air activity, no ship was likely to come for some time. They would have to make the best of it, and live off the island's natural resources.

THE castaways built themselves comfortable huts thatched with palm fronds. They managed to get along on a diet of coconuts, bananas, sweet potatoes and mangoes, supplemented by bats, lizards, crabs, sharks and other fish.

From the wreckage of an American B-29 that had crashed on the island they made themselves aluminum pots, pans and eating utensils.

The plane's parachutes provided them with nylon, which they stitched into clothing to replace their worn and tattered garments.

(Continued on page 39)

ON A DESERT ISLAND



Back at last in Japan, the survivors look little the worse for their long isolation.



You don't have to go to Hell to see this devil dance, just to a nite spot where Jean appears.

DEVIL *Dance*

Jean tries to look like the devil in this unique dance.



Jean Gemay originated this Devil Dance routine so she could be hot without the necessity of taking off all her clothes.

IT'S SURE hotter than Hades, this torrid and sensational dance that glamorous Jean Gemay is offering on the night club circuit this season. Called "Devil Dance," the scorching little number, created by Jean herself, has won acclaim—and money—

wherever she has performed it. Jean Gemay, one of the country's top strippers, worked out the devilish routine based on the most modern of dances. The reason for the act is that (for once) the lovely Jean wanted to look hot without stripping off her clothes.

Why Did You Kill Me?

By VOLNEY LACY

FICTION

I fixed Blackie's clock one stormy, night; but it wouldn't stay fixed!

I COULD never have settled my score with Blackie as I did if it hadn't been for my contempt of the seaman's inherent superstition.

My conscience was clear, and it only remained to execute my plan without being seen. In this I succeeded. Of that I am certain, even now.

But I'm getting ahead of myself. The beginning was on the day Blackie Burns joined the ship I had been sailing on for six months, the tanker *Aruban Night*.

On that day we met, and on that day our feud began. And a feud between two men at sea can never be taken lightly.

A fight is almost inevitable. Sometimes it's bad. A knife is pulled. A wrench is swung. A beer bottle is broken and a jagged weapon comes into play. Or it's the way it was when Blackie and I at last had it out. . . .

We were both able bodied seamen. Certified A.B.'s. But Blackie figured he was better than anybody else. He knew all about splicing cables, and pumping out, and navigation. He was going to get a license. Be a mate.

We tangled that very first day when he tried to butt in and show me how to run a new line through a pair of three-sheave blocks. I told him I could do without his help, and then he said I was doing it all wrong. I got mad and told him to get the hell away from me. That was when he called me a punk.

This sort of thing went on and on, day after day, trip after trip. It got so after a while that I couldn't stand being on the same ship with him.

When we finally tangled in a Colon dive and he broke my nose and cracked two of my ribs, I knew I'd have to get him.

I waited. I knew when the time would be right.

IT WAS a miserable night off Cape Hatteras. A heavy sea was running, and the wind whipped the salt-wet decks unmercifully. Every now and then, when the bow dipped deep, the seas would come crashing over the well decks.

Blackie had come in for coffee while I sat there at the P. O. table reading a pocket book. The time was 2 A.M. There was no one else in the messroom.

Not a word passed between us, and in a few minutes Blackie went out by way of the poop deck.

I moved after him like a panther stalking its prey. Blackie was my prey. He had made life miserable for me, and now the time had come to settle the score.

"What do you want?" Blackie said, spinning about as I stepped up behind him.

"I'm fixing your clock, Blackie. Now. For good."

He looked at me hard for a moment. Then he gave me a shove with his forearm and said, "Out of my way, punk. I'm busy."

That was when I let him have it. I spun him around by the shoulder so as not to hit him from behind and gave it to him in the teeth, hard.

He went down without a sound and lay still on the wet, steel deck. I don't think I would have had to use the piece of pipe I'd tucked under my belt, but I wasn't taking any chances.

I didn't waste any time. I had him up off the deck and over the rail into the sea within half a minute after I'd flattened him. Then I went below and turned into my bunk.

I was sure no one had seen me. A man usually senses when he's been seen. I felt secure in my secret.

By the time I came on watch at 4 o'clock in the morning, word was out that Blackie had disappeared in midwatch.

The consensus of opinion was that he'd been hit by a sea and carried overboard as he was crossing the catwalk. The second mate recalled we had taken some pretty good ones about that time.

THAT day there was a lot of talk about Blackie.

But by sundown it was old news and the usual routine at sea had been resumed.

But when I came on watch the next morning I heard the second mate pass a remark to the chief mate that gave me a start.

"You know, mate," he said, "I got a sneaking hunch Blackie's still aboard."

If it had been daylight, I believe they would have seen the blood drain out of my face. I should have laughed up my sleeve, but somehow I couldn't.

There was something very about hearing a statement like that about a guy I knew was at the bottom of the Atlantic Ocean. I kept my ears open for the rest of the conversation.

"What gives you, that idea?" the mate said.

"Well, I'm not sure, but I think I saw him come out of the 'ween deck about an hour ago. But then maybe I'm taking shadows too seriously."

"Spooks," the mate chuckled.

I had to keep a tight pucker string then or it would have been too bad. Such talk made me feel sick,

(Continued on page 38)



Schneider



Americans consume half of all the coffee which is produced in the world, and suffer from more nervous disorders than any other nationalities. (Below) A case of acute caffeine poisoning can cause an extreme agitation and terrible agony.



ARTICLE

COFFEE CAN POISON YOU

By HUGO von SCHONFELD

The caffeine in coffee, tea and in cola drinks and chocolate bars is a strong drug and may injure not only your nerves but your general health

KARL OLSON was scared stiff. He was having another of those attacks. This time he would see the doctor and learn the worst.

In a state of extreme nervous agitation, he was barely able to mumble a few words to the boss, find the elevator and hail a cab when he got outside the building.

His head was splitting. It felt like an over-ripe melon which would crack open at the thump of a finger. But that was nothing compared to the agony he had in every nerve of his body.

It was like hundreds of thousands of wires all stretched to the breaking point. Even more alarming, if possible, was what had happened to his vision. He could see only the left half of anything in front of him.

"How much coffee do you drink?" the doctor asked. "Eight, ten, twelve cups a day, I guess," Karl answered. "I don't know. I don't count them. Why?"

"That's about what I thought. It's a plain case of acute caffeine poisoning.

"Lay off the coffee for awhile and you'll be all right. That is until you over-step again. The caffeine in coffee can be a far worse poison than alcohol. I'll have to give you a sedative to calm your nerves.

"Your vision should become normal in about half an hour. That's nothing but a kind of spasm of the optic nerves induced by over-stimulation. The eyes are very sensitive to caffeine."

KARL was lucky in his doctor. Not one in 50 would have been able to spot his trouble so readily, or would have known what to do about it.

This isn't so much a reflection on the medical profession as it is of our ignorance about the properties of one of the most insidious poisons freely consumed by mankind. It is only in the last few years that the



Examining stomachs of the dogs treated with caffeine, surgeons found huge ulcers.

active ingredients of the coffee bean have been brought under intensive study by qualified physiologists.

And even today, the best chemists working on the problem confess that they are far from having unravelled the complexities of the chemical make-up of the little berry which provides our most popular brew.

Americans consume about half of all the coffee produced. This may be one reason why we are afflicted with more nervous disorders than any other people.

The nervous tension of life in these United States is a subject for comment from anyone who comes to see us. By comparison, we are told, life anywhere else is calm and placid.

HOWEVER that may be, it is certain that as a people we are far and away the world's most pronounced addicts of that potent and poisonous drug caffeine. Coffee is perhaps the worst offender. But we get the drug in many other forms—all the cola drinks, tea, cocoa, chocolate bars.

A ten-cent chocolate bar, for example, contains almost as much caffeine as a good strong cup of coffee. A large glass of cola drink at the soda fountain comes close to that. A cup of tea or hot chocolate are not

far behind in their ability to undermine the nervous system.

But recent studies have proven conclusively that more than nerves are involved. The full story of the toll exacted by our careless use of beverages and foods containing caffeine hasn't yet been written.

But already we know it is responsible for gastric ulcers, indigestion, irritable heart, high blood pressure, skin eruptions, headaches—and just plain nervous jitters.

IN contrast to alcohol, caffeine is a true drug. That is, it is one of the few medically accepted stimulants. Alcohol, on the other hand, is a narcotic or hypnotic. It gives the illusion of stimulation by inhibiting the controls which normally keep behavior in bounds.

Under the stimulation of the exotic drug first cultivated in Arabia and later the favorite drink of the non-alcoholic Turks, the human organism works at higher tempo—a kind of abuse which always exacts its penalty, sooner or later.

Almost since the Western world discovered this Arabian beverage a little more than three centuries

(Continued on page 38)

SHAPE in the GRASS

PRETTY LINDA WILLIAMS is a Colorado Springs girl who has gone Hollywood and become a starlet. On television, you've seen her on the Pinky Lee Comedy Show over NBC channels. She likes to get away from the bright lights every once in a while and poses for photographers out in the woods and tall grass. She thinks she looks best in natural settings.



Linda is 22 years old, and she weighs 118 pounds.



She stands (when standing) five feet, five and one half inches in bare feet.



Linde's figure measurements are: Bust, 35 inches; waist, 24 and hips 35 inches.

WHY DID YOU KILL ME?

(Continued from page 32)

ridiculous as I knew it to be. These guys could joke about it because they weren't convinced Blackie was really gone.

To them, it was only half-mystery. But to me it was terrifying. It couldn't be Blackie, I told myself over and over. And yet I was not sure.

Something was happening, and I was afraid. I stood my trick at the wheel with qualms. I was afraid of every black shadow in the wheel house.

IT WAS almost time for the other 14-to-8 A.B. to relieve me for coffee when I heard an exclamation from the mate, who stood on the port wing of the bridge.

I heard him call out, "Blackie, is that you down there?"

My stomach collapsed, and something I never would have believed happened. My sphincter failed me. I broke into a sweat. I became sick.

Then the mate was in the wheelhouse beside me.

"Say, I believe the second mate's right," he said. "I swear I just saw Blackie cross the foredeck and disappear under the catwalk. This morning I'm going to have the bosun search the ship. Blackie is either up to something or he's gone off his nut."

My relief came in then, and I hurried aft. The first signs of daybreak had begun to streak the

eastern horizon, and that brought some small relief.

But I was badly shaken. My old boast that I didn't believe in the superstitions of the sea had been thrown back into my face.

THAT evening we went through Windward Pass, and when I came on watch again we were well out in the Caribbean. The sky was splashed with stars, and I felt easier of mind and conscience.

But I hadn't been at the wheel half an hour when the mate came over to me and said, "Take a run up to the bow and see what's the matter with that lookout. I can't raise him on the telephone."

I didn't like the idea at all and went only with greatest reluctance. Under my breath I cursed the lookout for probably falling asleep.

But when I got up to the fo'c's'head there was no one there. A T-shirt and a white cap lay on the deck, mute and ghostly.

It made me jittery and I turned to go back across the catwalk to the midships house.

"Not so fast," a voice commanded.

It was a strange muffled sound, like a voice in a cavern, and I had no idea where it came from. I stood welded to the deck, speechless, terrified.

"You thought you were done with me, didn't you?" the voice went on in a hoarse whisper. "But I fooled you."

"Blackie," I gasped, "the ghostly voice asked."

"I'm sorry, Blackie, I'm sorry. I couldn't help myself. I hated you."

"This is the end of the line for you, you lousy punk. You know that, don't you?"

I FOUND my legs then and started to run wildly back toward the midships house. But something unseen caught me by the legs and I fell flat on my face. I let out such a scream as I'd never thought myself capable of.

Before I could pick myself up, the captain and the second mate were standing over me. The skipper was covering me with an automatic, while the second mate coiled up a piece of line that had been drawn across the catwalk.

"You did do it then?" the captain said. "You heaved Blackie over the side the other night off Hatteras."

"I suspected him from the beginning," the second mate said. "Blackie done told me he thought the punk was out to get him. They never did hit it off."

I sat up and glared resentfully at the second mate. The fear was gone out of me now.

"So the chief mate and I cooked up this little ghost story," he continued. "The punk here fell for it like a dropped boom."

The captain chuckled. "The best part was talking through the hawsepole from the chain locker. A very spooky effect."

"That reminds me," the second mate said. "I better tell that lookout to come out of there now. Probably still sleeping."

"Yes," the skipper said. "Then break out another sailor. This man must be kept locked up under armed guard."

And that's where I am now. Locked up in the 'tween deck. When the ship gets to Aruba I'll be turned over to the authorities. The joke's on me, I've got to admit. But it's a cinch I'll never believe in a ghost again.

THE END

COFFEE

(Continued from page 35)

ago, it has been known that it was a strong stimulant of heart and circulatory activity, of cerebral acuity and of kidneys and bladder.

It remained for modern research techniques to uncover more the subtle effects of over-indulgence.

As to its responsibility for that painful and typically American affliction of gastric ulcers, one of the first full-scale investigations was conducted at the Medical School of the University of Minnesota.

WITH dogs as his experimental animals, Dr. Edward S. Judd demonstrated conclusively that nearly half of them developed stomach ulcers when continuously dosed with caffeine. When his results were published in the medical and technical journals a few years back, others began experimenting.

At Northwestern University, two top physiologists quickly confirmed



"Now why didn't I think of that?"

the Judd results. They were Dr. J. A. Roth and Dr. A. C. Ivy. Using human "guinea pigs" this time, the investigators came out with reports somewhat less startling, but still revolutionary.

A group of university students was persuaded to swallow a rubber tube at periodic intervals. Various liquids were sent down the tubes, care being taken to prevent the students from knowing by odor or otherwise just what. The tubes also made it possible to take samples of the stomach contents.

It was found that in about 10 per cent of the subjects, caffeine produced prolonged stimulation of gastric acids which in turn caused ulcer symptoms. In fact, one of the "guinea pigs" came down with real ulcers, as revealed by X-rays.

"Caffeine is not harmful for everyone," this team of investigators concluded. "In a few susceptible persons, on the other hand, it is a subtle and treacherous poison."

ROTH and Ivy had done their own experimenting with dogs before they recruited their student victims. Using less delicate methods than would be tolerated by the boys and girls, they proved one more point. Increase of acids in the stomach from doses of caffeine is not due to direct irritation of the sensitive membranes of the stomach. The drug was administered by injection into body muscle. Contained in their reports of what they observed through their gastroscopes was the following:

"Immediately after intravenous injections of caffeine, the inner lining of the dog's stomach became red and engorged, and then turned a sickly dusky purple—obviously an unhealthy condition."

So much for caffeine and ulcers. Now a quick once-over of the even more serious effects of over-indulgence in the most popular beverage in the world. They range from many deaths directly traceable to over-stimulation of the heart to nerve lesions which cause permanent palsy.

MUCH of the harm done by excessive indulgence in coffee has been traced to chemicals in the coffee bean other than caffeine. These include caffeic acid, various oils and vitamins, particularly nicotinic acid.

Exhaustive research on the effects of coffee carried out under the direction of Dr. H. L. Hollingsworth have lately conclusively

proven that stimulation is much more prolonged than previously believed.

For instance, impairment of steadiness of the hand was most pronounced three or four hours after a moderate dose of caffeine had been administered. Intellectual stimulation was found to carry over even to the next day.

MOST of the authorities hold that five cups of coffee a day is about the maximum the normal individual can tolerate without harmful results.

It is a matter of common knowledge that highly nervous individuals, least able to stand it, are the ones who most often exceed this limit.

One surprising result of recent investigations of this tricky stimulant and poison was the discovery that the excessive coffee drinker

requires more sleep because of his over-indulgence. The explanation seems to be that undue strain on the nervous system must be compensated for by additional rest. If it isn't, a crackup is in the making.

While there are great variations among individuals as to the amount of caffeine they can consume without seriously undermining health, recent studies are convincing on the score that Americans get far too much of it in one form or another.

Some of the authorities go so far as to insist that even a little is too much. All of those best qualified to speak now regard the drug as one of the most insidious and treacherous known to man.

If you have been nervous and irritable lately, with a jumpy stomach, better give a thought to cutting down your intake of caffeine.

THE END

33 MEN AND 1 WOMAN

(Continued from page 29)

In short, it wasn't too bad an existence. They kept a crude calendar, marked with charcoal, and celebrated holidays with a potent alcoholic beverage made from coconut palms.

The Americans 65 miles south on Saipan didn't bother them, and the war seemed far away. One day soon it would be over, they thought, and they would return home as heroes.

Thus two years passed. They had no radio, and no other means of communication with the outside world. So they didn't know that the war had ended in defeat for Japan, and that their own families long since had given them up for dead.

In 1946 Higa, the copra collector, took to his bed with a fever. Within a few days he was dead. And then the trouble started.

BY Japanese standards, Mrs. Higa was a very attractive woman, with regular features and soft brown eyes. She had a voluptuous figure, with the right kind of curves in the right places.

Although the tropical air was heavily surcharged with sex, as long as her husband was alive she wasn't molested. The Japanese are a very moral people, and to them adultery is a serious crime.

But Higa's body scarcely had

time to grow cold before the woman-hungry sailors began chasing the newly-bereaved widow all over the place. And on such a small island there isn't much room to run.

Finally, in desperation she appealed to Captain Ishida, skipper of one of the wrecked vessels, for protection.

To save her from being torn limb from limb, and to settle rivalries, he ordered her to marry one of the crew members.

The lucky man was chosen by lot, and Ishida performed the marriage ceremony. Nobody seemed very happy about this arrangement except the new bridegroom—and he wasn't happy long.

A few weeks later he went out fishing, and failed to return. Searchers found his body in three feet of water; he had mysteriously drowned.

Immediately, the lecherous foot-race started all over again. Again Mrs. Higa appealed to Captain Ishida, lots were drawn, and another marriage ceremony celebrated.

The hut of the newly-weds was festively decorated with palm fronds, and everybody got drunk on home-made *saki*. But it was observed that many of the men grumbled, and cast covetous glances at the shapely bride.

Several weeks later her third

mate was found dead in the jungle. His head had been bashed in with a rock.

THIS time there was no question of another marriage. A tough 26-year-old sailor stepped forward and announced that the men would share the woman.

She would belong temporarily to anyone strong enough to take her and hold off all competition.

He was supported by several crew mates, who backed him up with rifles and two machine guns, the only modern weapons on the island.

In the next four years, four men died in fights over the seductive Kazuko Higa. Eight others disappeared, never to be seen again.

During this period the woman at one time or another shared the hut of every one of the shipwrecked sailors—including the officers.

Polyandry—a system in which a woman is married to several men at the same time—has been known in many primitive societies where there is a shortage of females.

Cases of it have been noted among the Eskimos, in Tibet, Madagascar, the Malay Peninsula, the South Sea Islands, and in many other parts of the world.

Isolated from civilization by the circumstances of war, with but one female among them, the remaining Japanese on Anatahon reverted to this barbaric form of concubinage.

IN 1946, the U. S. Navy learned of the castaways of Anatahon Island and sent a small vessel to take them off. As the landing party pulled for the shore it was met by determined machine-gun and rifle fire.

The defenders, believing that the long-awaited invasion was on, split up into small fighting units to repel it.

Rather than risk unnecessary loss of life, the Americans returned to their ship and steamed off, leaving the remnants of the Imperial Navy in ignorant but blissful possession of their island Paradise.

Several times during the following years passing U. S. Navy vessels turned their loudspeakers on the island and broadcast in the Japanese language the news that the war was over. Their only answer was the defiant bark of rifles and the chatter of machine guns.

Japanese newspapers dropped on the fortress by plane met with the same result. The sailors had been too well-indoctrinated to fall for any "Yankee tricks."

The first break in this "last battle of World War II" came in 1950, when Mrs. Higa managed to steal away in a crude boat built by her plural spouses and escape to a U. S. Navy craft cruising off-shore. Taken back to Japan, she sobbed out her sad story to sympathetic officials.

"I couldn't stand it any more," she wept. "It's impossible for one woman to take care of the demands of 19 men."

RELATIVES of the 19 survivors were notified, and directed to write letters begging them to give up their futile resistance. To authenticate these messages, family photographs were enclosed.

On June 8, 1951, more than 200 of these letters were dropped on the island by a U. S. plane, together with a printed leaflet signed by Japanese officials, ordering the men to lay down their weapons.

Early on the morning of June 30, a U. S. landing craft cautiously nosed in toward the island.

Glasses scanned the rocky beach and probed far into the lush foliage.

Suddenly the palm fronds shook violently, and 19 Japanese emerged into the sunlight. Displaying a large white flag, they raised their arms high in the air in token of surrender.

When the Navy landed, the Nipponese bowed respectfully to Lieut. Commander J. B. Johnson, in charge of "Operation Removal." Their ranking officer, Captain Katsusaburo Utsi, stepped forward and apologized:

"These ignorant people are sorry to have caused so much trouble to the Americans. Six years have passed since the surrender of Japan, but we did not know. We are very sorry."

Many of them were even sorrowful when they finally got home. Believing the long-absent men dead, their wives had long since remarried.

THE END

PARADISE OF PROSTITUTES

(Continued from page 6)

peddled their wares openly on the street. Their usual approach was to bump into a soldier and ask him for a light for their cigarette.

That was the only way, in the blackout, they could let their prospective customers see what they looked like.

They puffed up their cigarette and then came the time-worn question, "Would you like to come with me?" Simple, direct, to the point. They didn't make any pretense, didn't wait to be picked up.

There was too much competition and the night was too short. They had to find customers, take their money and get rid of them as soon as possible, and then go looking for new customers.

It may sound incredible to anyone who hasn't seen Piccadilly Circus in operation, but the prostitutes were so numerous that you had to sidestep to get around them.

They took your hand or your arm, pinched you, asked for cigarettes or lights—anything to attract attention before one of their competitors stopped you.

BUT some of the ladies of easy virtue set up shop in the gin-

mills in preference to roaming the streets. One of their favorite hang-outs was a cheap walk-up dive just off Piccadilly.

They called the joint a membership club and charged about \$2.50 for a membership card. The only drinks they served were watered Scotch and rotgut gin, doling it out in false-bottomed jiggers at about twice the lawful ceiling price.

However, there were other attractions at the club—blonde, brunette, redhead. They draped themselves over the bar and sat at the tables, sipping up liquor the soldiers bought for them.

The only girl in the place that wasn't a prostitute was the pianist, a colored girl who knew most of the filthy songs ever written and sang them all in a loud rasping voice.

One of the regulars at the club was a girl named Ginevra. She was married to an Air Force gunner, and she took pride in telling the story of her life and how she got married.

Ginevra had jet-black hair, a swarthy complexion, and a gold tooth in front. She was originally

from the island of Malta, in the Mediterranean, and had been in Paris when the Germans overran the Maginot Line and flooded through France.

A short time later, the Germans rounded her up, along with hundreds of other screaming girls, and forced her into prostitution for their troops.

She was held as a virtual prisoner in an apartment building, allowing only the freedom of the roof for sunbathing when she didn't have a line of *herrenvolk* waiting outside her door.

AFTER more than two years of this, Ginevra managed to escape with the help of a German trooper. She lived with an old French couple for a while, and then made the perilous journey through France to the Pyrennes and over into Spain. A year later she arrived in England after stowing away on a boat.

In London, without working papers or business training, Ginevra went into the only thing she knew—the business the Germans had forced upon her. She became a prostitute.

A few months later, she met an American soldier on leave. At first, he was just another customer, but before his weekend pass was over they fell in love, and he went AWOL and lived with Ginevra for over a month before the MP's caught him.

They took him back to his bomber base near Norwich and threw him in the guardhouse for a long stretch for going over the hill.

After a few weeks of this he decided that he loved Ginevra enough to marry her, and he proposed by mail.

She came up to his base, the commanding officer let the soldier out of the guardhouse, and the base chaplain performed the ceremony.

The bride and groom enjoyed their nuptial kiss, and then the groom went back to the guardhouse while the bride returned to London to take up her business where she had left off.

At first, this reporter thought that Ginevra's story was just a lot of hogwash, but she opened her purse and took out a newspaper clipping which told the story of the strange marriage ceremony. You have to believe that kind of evidence, so matter how unbelievable it might sound.

ANOTHER prostitute that made the club her base of operations was a cute, thin blonde named Toni.

She would never talk about her background, but one night she got pretty well liquored up and called me over and sobbed out her story.

She said that she was from Colchester, and that she married a Royal Air Force sergeant-pilot in the early days of the war. They had been happy together, and happier still when the baby came.

Then there was a mission against a German industrial center, and her husband's bomber did not return. Heavy flak caught his Halifax in the gas tank, and it went down in a ball of flame.

There was a government pension, of course, but it wasn't enough to live on, and Toni couldn't go to work because she had to stay home and take care of the baby.

"What other way could I make a living?" she asked me tearfully. "I can make more selling my body at night than I could working in a factory, even if I could get somebody to take care of the baby."

But there were many other cases where the girls turned to prostitution because they enjoyed it or because they wanted to get more money while the getting was good.

WHEN I was in London to file stories through the censors, I always stayed at a little hotel in Leicester Square and ate at a small restaurant just a couple of doors away.

One of the waitresses at the restaurant was a cute, innocent-looking number named Stella whom I would have sworn didn't have an evil thought in her head.

But one night someone grabbed me by the arm in Piccadilly Circus and asked for the usual light for her cigarette. It was Stella, and she was wearing the customary excessive make-up that went with her trade.

She recognized me, but there was no embarrassment, no blushing.

I asked her what she was doing in the world's oldest profession, and she said defiantly:

"If it's any of your business, I like it—and I intend to get plenty of you Yanks' money before the war is over. Is there anything else you want to know?"

"Yes," I said, "there is. What about your job in the restaurant? Why do you keep it, if you can make so much more doing this?"

"Because I'm not a fool, that's why. Most of the other girls don't have working papers and if they're caught they go to the lock-up. But me, I'm smart. That terrible job

is my insurance. I've got a line of work and the bobbies can't touch me!"

THE Americans didn't cause the prostitution in Piccadilly Circus, but they did cause the inflationary prices.

London harlots were in business in the Circus long before the first American soldiers set foot on English soil, but in those days their prices were a lot different.

In the early days of the war everyone carried a flashlight, or torch as the English call them, in the blackout, and the girls used them to good advantage.

They used lipstick to print their price on the lens of their torch and advertised their business by flashing it in the face of a prospective customer. If the bobbies tried to stop them, they merely wiped off the lipstick and there was no proof against them.

In those days, the standard fee was ten shillings, which was roughly \$2.00 in American money.

Nor has Piccadilly Circus changed a great deal since the war. I was in England covering a story last summer, and there seemed to be as many prostitutes as ever.

They were having a little more trouble because the bobbies could stop them easier in the bright lights, but the cops will never be able to stop the girls completely.

Piccadilly Circus has been the stomping grounds of prostitutes for hundreds of years, and when I asked an English friend of mine why they didn't drive them out, he just shrugged his shoulders and said:

"Drive them out? That's impossible. You Americans tried to stop drinking with Prohibition, and it didn't work.

"You tried to stop gambling, and that didn't work either. The same applies to vice in New York and other cities. You can't drive such things out; you just drive them underground, where they're ten times worse."

"Are you trying to suggest," I asked, "that you think it's all right to have such places as Piccadilly Circus, swarming with prostitutes?"

This time, my English friend shook his head. "No," he said, "I think it's horrible—a terrible disgrace. It breeds crime and disease and all sorts of unspeakable things. For myself, I think prostitution should be made legal and put under the control of the government. But who will listen to me? I'm just a newspaper reporter."

THE END

I TOOK THE DRUG CURE

(Continued from page 11)

habit?" he asked.

I nodded my head.

"Okay, I'll see what I can do for you. Meanwhile, take it easy. If you feel the pains coming on, call for the nurse. He'll give you a shot."

I COASTED along for a couple of days, with the help of an occasional hypo. I wasn't getting as much as I craved, but it was enough to keep the pain submerged. They had taken me out of restraint, and I was able to walk around the ward.

About a week later, I was called into the doctor's office. He asked how I felt, and I told him: "Lousy!" Then he asked if I still wanted to be cured.

Yes, yes I did. God, how I did! "I've made arrangements for you to be admitted to the Federal Hospital at Lexington, Kentucky," the doctor told me.

"It's the best place in the country for treatment of drug addiction. You'll be there four or five months. If you stay the full time, you'll be cured. What happens then depends on you."

"You can count on me, doc," I promised fervently.

He smiled, and we shook hands on the bargain.

It was about 8 a.m. when my

train pulled into Lexington. After breakfast, a cab drove me to the outskirts of the city. The hospital was about seven miles out, set in a countryside of rolling hills, blue grass and green tobacco fields.

The cab turned off the road and stopped at a small building at the entrance to the hospital grounds.

A guard opened the door and escorted me into a room with steel bars on the windows. He searched me thoroughly from the cuffs of my trousers to the lining of my hat.

Emptying my pockets, he placed the contents beside my bag. He returned four cigarettes; that was all I could bring in with me.

Then we walked down the path to an immense steel gate, set in the tall wire fencing surrounding the main buildings. Here I was taken in tow by a male nurse.

He led me into a small room and told me to take off all my clothes. They were put in a neat pile; I wouldn't see them again until I left.

Still naked, I underwent a thorough physical examination by a doctor. He peered into every crevice of my body. Later I learned the reason. Addicts have tried to smuggle in drugs under their toenails, in their hair, in various recesses of the body. One even concealed heroine in the hollow of his jawbone!

Next, I was to give the doctor a detailed history of my addiction: how I got hooked, when, the amount I used every day, etc. By the time he got through, he knew as much about my case as I did.

NEXT, a male nurse took me to the clothing room, where I was handed a small bundle consisting of a faded blue bathrobe, slippers, pajamas, white socks, a toothbrush and a towel. After a shower I put the clothing on.

Then I was taken to the withdrawal ward—a long yellow-walled corridor with tiny cubicles on both sides. Each cubicle contained a bed, chair and small bedside stand. One of them was to be my home for a while.

By then, I began to feel jittery; I badly needed another shot. I told the nurse, and he went for

the doctor. After a few minutes the doc came in with a hypo, and I felt much better.

That evening, the ward doctor informed me that they had decided to put me on "rapid withdrawal." I was to get a quarter-grain of morphine four times a day.

Gradually this dose would be reduced, until at the end of ten days I would be completely off the stuff.

It was a pretty drastic cut, he said, from six grains to one per day. But it was a lot better than the old "cold-turkey" cure.

I agreed heartily.

For I knew that nothing could be worse than the suffering I'd been through those two days in that hotel, when I was trying to quit "cold turkey."

THE first three days were rough. Cut down to only one-sixth my usual daily dose, I felt depressed and unhappy most the time.

I was unable to concentrate on a newspaper or book. I was tired but restless, and paced the floor all day, smoking an endless chain of cigarettes.

Each evening just at bedtime, I was given a sedative. It didn't seem to help. All night long I twisted and turned uncomfortably in my bed. I was cold, and the nurse brought more blankets. The more he piled on me the colder I got.

By the fourth day, when I was down to an eighth grain four times a day, the physical withdrawal symptoms became accentuated. I yawned and sneezed continuously.

My nose ran, my eyes watered. Every bone and muscle in my body throbbled with individual pain. I had a splitting headache, my nerves seemed to twitch all the time.

"How are you coming along?" the doctor asked.

"I don't know," I replied miserably.

He laughed. "You'll survive," he assured me. "They all do."

On the fifth evening, I quit trying to sleep in my bed. I took my sedative and stretched out on the hard floor. Somehow I felt



"It was such a bargain, I just had to swipe it."

I'd sleep better there. But in the morning when I awakened I found my knees and elbows badly skinned from torturous writhing.

ON the sixth day, I was cut to an eighth grain twice a day, and a grain of codeine four times a day. By then I could scarcely drag myself around.

I lay on the bed, sweating and clammy in turn. My blood pressure was high, my eyes dilated.

On the seventh day, I was seized with violent cramps, and alternated between diarrhea and vomiting. I was hungry, but the smell of food nauseated me. I was exhausted, but I couldn't sleep.

"How do you feel?" the doctor asked.

"Most miserable man in the world," I managed to mumble.

He patted me on the shoulder encouragingly. "You're nearly over the hump," he reassured me. "In a few more days you'll feel much better."

On the eighth day I was off the dope entirely, but still dependent on that half-grain of codeine four times a day. My stomach burned, my leg and thigh muscles ached. My head felt as if it were being pressed in a vise, and my eye-balls bulged and hurt.

The doc was right. Two days later my suffering began to slacken. The muscle pains and burning stomach simmered down. I was able to take warm baths, vitamins and a little intravenous feeding. From here on it would be down hill work.

AT THE end of my second week at Lexington I was on my feet again, could sit around the dayroom and talk with other patients. No more dope, no more codeine, no more aches and pains. I was recovering my appetite, and I was able to sleep at night.

The mental desire for morphine persisted long after the physical craving had quieted. There was a standing joke in the dayroom. One patient would ask another: "If you had your choice between half a grain and Betty Grable, which would you take?"

The answer invariably was: "The half grain."

I knew I was okay the afternoon I went to the movies, a weekly feature at Lexington. After all the men were seated, the women patients marched into the balcony. Every male head turned in their direction, and remained turned until the lights dimmed.

Mine included. As long as I took dope, I wasn't interested in fe-

males. The best proof that I was off it was the fact that I'd just re-discovered sex.

BUT I wasn't ready to leave Lexington yet. I spent four months working on the produce farm of the hospital. There are 117 acres under cultivation and 350 acres of pasturage, with 200 dairy cattle, a piggery and a cannery.

The cannery supplies tomatoes, tomato juice, green beans and other vegetables—all grown at Lexington—to Federal institutions all over the country.

The brand, significantly, is "Narco Bride."

Dressed in overalls and a straw hat, I worked in the sunny fields all day. My face gradually lost its yellow, peaked look, and I didn't scare myself half to death every time I looked into the mirror. I was eating like a horse, and so gained 20 pounds.

Once a week I talked with a psychiatrist. We discussed the problems that had led me to narcotics in the first place, and I felt I was getting valuable insight that would help me stay off the stuff when I got out.

I became aware of other people and their problems again, found a new interest in conversation. There were a lot of interesting people at Lexington.

Among them was a well-known movie actor, a prominent bank leader, a former college president, a judge, preacher, banker, several lawyers and doctors. There were also a number of well-to-do businessmen and merchants, and once-successful salesmen and accountants.

They were all there for the same thing: a cure for drug addiction.

Finally one day, five months after my arrival, I was told that I was ready to go home. My record was fine, my health good, my psychiatrist reported that I was able to handle my emotional problems. I was put in a car and driven to the main gate.

As the guard swung it open for me he said: "See you next time around."

I knew what he meant. Nearly 50 percent of the patients released from Lexington eventually return for the cure to this hospital, or to another Federal institution. They just can't stay off the stuff.

But I knew I would never come back. It had been tough, but I'd kicked the habit for good.

That was two years ago. I'm still a square; I never touch the stuff.



WRITE Thrilling LOVE LETTERS

No longer send your letters by day, getword in astonishing. HOW TO WRITE LOVE LETTERS is a complete book that shows you how everyday things can sound thrilling. It helps you express your personality in every letter you write. This new book contains dozens of actual sample letters that show you just how to write love letters from beginning to end.

PARTIAL CONTENTS

- How to "Break the Ice"
- How to Make Everyday Events Sound Interesting
- How to Make Your Sweetheart Write More Often
- How to Express Your Love
- How to Make (or Break) a Date
- How to Acknowledge a Gift
- How to "Make Up"
- How to Say "These Little Things"
- How to Assure Him (or Her) of Your Faithfulness
- How to Make Him (or Her) Miss You
- How to Propose to Lettar

PLAZA BOOK CO.
Dept. L-854
109 Broad Street,
New York 4,
New York

PLAZA BOOK COMPANY
109 Broad Street, Dept. L-854
New York 4, N. Y.

- Send book "How to Write Love Letters." in plain wrapper at your Money-Back Offer. If not delighted with results, I will return this purchase in 10 days and price will be refunded.
- Send U.S.D. I will pay postage 90c plus postage.
- I enclose 90c—no need postage.

Name
Address
City State Zip
Canada and Foreign—\$1.25 with order

WHY I AM A NUDIST

(Continued from page 31)

table and ate in the nude. Nude girls helped their nude mother wash dishes and clean up, while nude brother tinkered with the radio and nude father read the newspaper.

Evenings, we did our lessons, read, listened to the radio or played games together like other people—except that we didn't wear clothes.

Of course, we always slept in the raw. And my brother slept in the same room with my sister and me. Why not? From infancy we had been taught to regard our bodies as things of natural beauty, rather than objects of sensuality and lust.

We learned about sex early. We didn't have to go to the gutter to learn the biological facts of life.

Our parents explained them to us in casual, simple terms. None of that bees, birds and flowers stuff. We came to regard sex as a natural function; accepting it, we forgot about it.

So when other little children began to run around and whisper half-truths about it, or hide in corners and experiment, we remained scornfully aloof.

We KNEW all about it, we didn't have to speculate. The result was a respectful, healthy, moral attitude toward it.

But after a while we began to have trouble with peeping-toms. Then some of our neighbors began to whisper.

They wouldn't allow their children to play with us any more.

Eventually, there were so many complaints to the police that we were forced to move.

WE went to live in a small city in California. One day, Father came home with a nudist publication he'd picked up by chance on the local newsstand. Thus we learned for the first time there were other nudists (or "naturists," as they preferred to be known) in the world.

Writing to the publication for information, we discovered that there were a number of naturists living in our own city. We looked them up, and soon had a large circle of friends who believed as we did.

We often spent evenings in their homes, or they in ours, completely

nude and relaxed. While our elders talked, we children played together.

Since we accepted completely the physical differences between the sexes, and it was never hidden, there was no need to talk about it. I have never known cleaner, healthier, more decent people. Nor happier ones.

That summer, we got together and rented a small piece of property, surrounding a lake in the nearby mountains. We spent nearly all our weekends there.

Each family would pitch its own tent apart from the others. There was only one rule in this camp: nobody was allowed to wear clothes.

During the day we swam, sunbathed and played games together. The hot sun gave us a healthy all-over tan; we enjoyed the lingering caress of warm breezes on our grateful bodies, and the invigoration of cool water on our flesh, free and unadorned by bathing suits.

In the evening, we sat around campfires, popped corn and roasted marshmallows, played banjos and guitars and sang songs together.

If it turned cool, we draped blankets over our nude shoulders, while our bare fronts basked in the heat of the fires.

MOST of the people who came to this camp were married people, and their children. Single persons were not admitted unless they were recommended and accompanied by members.

There was no opportunity for sexual license. Almost all activity took place in groups. We swam, hiked or simply lolled around in the sun in groups. We played tennis, volley ball, shuffle board and horseshoes in groups. Unmarried couples simply didn't get to be alone together.

Over a period of years, on only two occasions did we discover a single couple straying off into the woods.

In both instances the guilty pair immediately was ordered off the premises. We were anxious to keep our own maturing young people, as well as outsiders, from confusing nakedness with lasciviousness.

Nevertheless neighbors did talk. War came, and we were accused of being Nazis.

We were raided by police several times, finally had our lease cancelled and were forced to give up (temporarily) our happy existence nude in the sunshine.

We found that the prejudice against nudism among conventional people is as strong as any other prejudice.

WHEN I came East to get a job, after the war, I maintained my connection with the nudist movement. There has been a big boom in nudism during recent years, and I have found plenty of healthy companionship among intelligent, clean-minded young people who believe as I do.

We're not "crackpots." Among us are many well-known doctors, lawyers, university professors and members of other professions. Many of us have college degrees. In education and IQ, we're well above the normal.

We're NOT exhibitionists. The nude body in a natural pose can never be exhibitionistic, for that involves artificiality and accentuation.

In fact, the only time I feel that I am exhibiting myself is when I model revealing evening gowns before paunchy buyers with big, fat elgars in their mouths who lick their lips and ogle lasciviously, while they mentally undress me.

I often wonder how they'd behave if they suddenly were set down in a nudist camp with their whole family, naked as the day they were born.

They'd probably be so embarrassed by the sight of their own unclothed pot-bellies and white skins that they would forget to ogle the pretty young things decorating the landscape, with nary a chemise to cover their delicate hides.

The buyers might even forget to whistle!

We're not immoral. At least 75 percent of us are married. Nudists make good husbands and wives; the divorce rate among them is only about one-fifth the national rate. I've never yet heard of a nudist having an illegitimate child. How much more moral can you get?

Our attitude toward sex is a

**I wish he LOOKED
as young as he is!**

Amazing . . . Exciting News!

BRANDENFELS' USERS

Have Grown Hair!

**DO A FRIEND
A FAVOR**
If you don't have this
problem, send this
message to a friend
who does



Apr. 15, 1948 Dec. 1, 1948

When it has been again for 8 years.
Don Hagan, Seattle, Wa.



ARMY VETERAN

"I want to tell you
how grateful I am
to have stopped
losing my hair. I
would be almost
blind by now if I
did not start to
use your formula
and massage. Now
my hair is thick as
before." — Army Vet.



**TENNESSEE
COAL MINER**

"I was totally bald for more
than two years. I'm only
thankful that I cannot put my
house on fire." — L. Rainsby,
Peters, Tennessee



Before

After



LIFE A MIRACLE

"It is like a miracle had been performed.
Hair is now growing on my forehead. I look
and feel like a baby again and I rest more
people without saying to myself, 'Oh, they're
looking at my head.' — Mrs. Lillian Conklin,
New York City



LOS ANGELES, CALIFORNIA

"My hair was falling rapidly for 8
years. After using Brandenfels, hair
began to grow in bald spots, and then
the face turned into real brown hair."
Harold H. Ott.



CHICAGO PARTS INSPECTOR

"I have been getting bald for about 20
years. Now I have a lot of new hair. . .
you can imagine how happy I feel."
H. J. Piquet, Chicago, Ill.



NEW YORK BUSINESSMAN

"I now have a healthy undergrowth of
hair and my bald spots are filling in.
Also, my general scalp condition is
much improved." — Alfred Friend, New
York City.



(All photographs of hair are UNRETouched. Ad-
dress of those and other successful Brandenfels' users
will be furnished on request.)

WORLD-FAMOUS

Brandenfels

SCALP AND HAIR

APPLICATIONS AND MASSAGE

ST. HELENS, OREGON

This is a message for **SKEPTICS** . . . for men and
women worried about baldness or falling hair . . . who
have never dared believe that **ANYTHING** could be
done about baldness. We sincerely recommend to
YOU:

**BRANDENFELS' SCALP AND HAIR APPLICATIONS
AND MASSAGE**

These two secret formulas, together with the unique
Brandenfels' pressure massage, are designed to bring about
a more healthy condition of the scalp, to soften the scalp and
to increase the supply of blood to the entire scalp area.

YOUR HAIR ROOTS MAY BE ALIVE

Carl Brandenfels' remarkable research **HAS PROVED**
that hair roots can be alive even on totally bald people! Look
at these pictures and see for yourself. Mr. Nagle, Mr. Rainsby,
Mr. Liefson, Mrs. Harris and many others **THOUGHT** their
hair roots were dead . . . but their own pictures prove that
their hair roots were still alive, because today hair is growing
from former bald areas.

DOCTORS OBSERVE RESULTS

In recent tests, competent medical personnel observed
RENEWED HAIR GROWTH on users of Brandenfels'
Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage.

Carl Brandenfels believes that proper use of his formulas
and massage may, in many cases, bring about a condition
which will help return **ALLOW HAIR TO GROW**. He
does not classify his product with the so-called "hair grow-
ers." He does not guarantee that it will promote new hair
growth because not every user has grown new hair. Carl
Brandenfels **HAS PROVED** that hair follicles **MAY BE**
ALIVE on people who are bald or losing their hair.

17,146 LITERS OF PRAISE

Carl Brandenfels has in his files, verified by the impartial
audit of Certified Public Accountants, 17,146 letters from
users who report from one to all of the following results:

- Renewed Hair Growth
- No More Excessive Falling Hair
- Relief from Dandruff Scals
- (Remember—dandruff may be
of numerous CAUSES)
- Improved Scalp Conditions

**PLEASANT TO
USE AT HOME**

No embarrassing, no
time lost from work, no
costly extra treatments.
Use these non-sticky, non-
odoriferous formulas and the
unique Brandenfels' Pres-
sure Massage in the priv-
acy of your own home.
A 5-week supply costs \$15
plus \$2 Post. tax (total
\$17.00). Send your order
today to Carl Brandenfels,
St. Helens, Oregon.

**RESULTS VERIFIED BY
MEDICAL OBSERVATION**



Before

After 41 Weeks

Today

For more than a year, a large group of men
and women have been using Brandenfels'
Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage
under medical observation. Above is one of
them, Mr. E. "Al" Liefson, of Tacoma.
We, the authorities of these medical tests
and the results observed in them is docu-
mented by the sworn testimony of the medical
personnel who conducted and participated in
these tests.



Dec. 27, 1947

June 12, 1948

Today

Above, Seattle business woman Mrs. E. M.
Harris, who is teacher of the wedding test
group. Many of the more than 15,000 suc-
cessful letters Carl Brandenfels has received
came from women users of his hair formula.

ACT BEFORE IT'S TOO LATE

If you are losing your hair or have
already become bald, **SEND TODAY**
for a five-week supply of Brandenfels'
Scalp and Hair Applications and Mas-
sage. Send the coupon below **NOW**,
before you forget or neglect this
vital message. Every day you wait
may make your problem that much
more difficult.

**SEND
YOUR
ORDER
NOW**

DON'T DELAY — MAIL TODAY

CARL BRANDENFELS, Box 776, St. Helens, Oregon 97142

Please send me— in plain wrapper— 5-week supply of
Brandenfels' Scalp and Hair Applications and Massage with
Directions for Use in my own home.

☐ Cash— I enclose \$15.00 plus 20% Post. tax (\$3.00), total
\$18.00 (NOTE: be shipped prepaid)

☐ C.O.D.— I agree to pay postman \$18.00 plus postal charges.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

Each order will be shipped immediately, postpaid. C.O.D. orders will
be billed as rapidly as the funds are available.

PLEASE PRINT PLAINLY.

YOUR OWN BUSINESS

Vending machines earn big money! An investment as low as \$10.00 will start you in this fascinating, profitable business that can lead you to the road of success and independence. Routes can be established and operated in either full or part time with no experience needed. Write for full details and our FREE colored illustrating nut, candy, gum and slinky vendors today!



PARKWAY MACHINE CORP., Dept. 18

MEN PAST 40

**Afflicted With Bladder Trouble,
Getting Up Nights, Pains
in Back, Hips, Legs,
Tiredness.**

If you are a victim of these symptoms then your troubles may be traced to glandular inflammation. Neglect of such troubles often leads to permanent injury.

Glandular inflammation is a constitutional disease and it is futile for sufferers to try to treat themselves at home. Medicines that give temporary relief will not remove the cause of your trouble.

The Excelsior Institute, an institution devoted exclusively to the treatment of Diseases of older men by NON-SURGICAL Methods has a revealing and instructive FREE Book that tells how many basic conditions and troubles may be corrected with proven methods of treatment.

During the past few months men from over 250 Midwestern Communities have been successfully treated at the Excelsior Institute. They found soothing and comforting relief and a new zest in life.

This new, Free, Illustrated Book deals with Diseases peculiar to Men. Gives factual knowledge that could prove of utmost importance to your life. There is no obligation. Address Excelsior Institute Dept. 4011 Excelsior Springs, Missouri.

STUD POKER

How
to Play
Poker

You should read this great little book on Stud Poker, and How To Play It. Tells gamblers of hands, How to Bet, How to bluff, and over 60 ways of cheating you should know of the game. Send 10 cents and get it while the supply lasts.

HUNT & CO., Dept. D
188 N. Wells St., Chicago 4, Ill.

MAKE CRIME YOUR BUSINESS

ON THE SIDE OF THE LAW!

Help fight crime! . . . Earn steady good pay as a Finger Print Expert or Investigator. I.A.S. trains you—by easy, low-cost home study lessons. Learn this exciting work in spare time. Write for full details now!

OVER 800 POLICE BUREAUS...

Employ I.A.S.-trained men . . . proof of what I.A.S. can do. Write today (no time ago) for details. No obligation. No salesmen will call.

INSTITUTE OF APPLIED SCIENCE

Dept. 1214, 1920 Sunnyvale Avenue
Chicago 40, Illinois

healthy one. We believe in marriage, and the family. Our birth rate is one of the highest in the country because we oppose every kind of artificiality—including birth control.

We don't indulge in drunken orgies. Drunkenness is unnatural, and liquor in any form—in bottle or stomach—is forbidden in all reputable nudist camps.

We're not atheists. Nearly all of us attend one Church or another regularly.

And we're not Communists. It's a standing rule that religion and politics must not be discussed. Besides, Communism can breed only among the malcontented and suppressed, not among happy, healthy citizens like naturists.

WE believe in natural living as a sound way of life. We abhor immorality bigotry, profanity and all else that degrades mankind.

We glory in the body beautiful, as God created it, unadorned by corsets, girdles, "faisies" and other artificial embellishment.

The presence or absence of a shred of cloth is no measure of modesty or morals. Lasciviousness is created by a sick mind, not by sight of a healthy body.

We maintain that a man can admire a beautiful feminine figure

—or a woman a handsome masculine one—and say so openly, without lewd giggles, winks or insinuations.

We practice clean thinking and clean living. Can our critics say as much for themselves?

If you doubt all this, I invite you to test it at a nudist camp next summer. It's easy to get in. All you have to do is show sincerity, give satisfactory references, take off your clothes, and enjoy yourself.

I challenge anyone to spend a week in the raw among us, without being impressed by our sincerity.

Remove your clothes! Let the warm sun and wind caress your body, feel the physical freedom and exhilaration your artificially-restrained body and spirit have yearned for all your life! Participate in group sports and other activities with sincere nudists.

Observe how happily and unselfishly the children play together. See how beautiful, budding young women and handsome maturing young men with glorious bodies enjoy themselves. Notice how happy and natural is the relationship between the adults of both sexes, in the absence of clothes.

Maybe then you'll understand why I'm a nudist.

THE END

SUPERNATURAL STRENGTH?

(Continued from page 24)

somewhat like a muscle that has grown flabby and weak through disuse—there is good reason to believe that it may be increased through exercise and practice.

And if this is so, the average man might soon develop "supernatural strength" that would put Superman or Flash Gordon to shame.

ONE of the most amazing cases of psychokinesis on record deals with the apparent control over gravity possessed by one Angelo Faticoni, who died in Hartford, Connecticut, a few years ago at the age of 72.

In an obituary, the *New York Herald Tribune* referred to Faticoni as "The man they could not drown."

In various experiments conducted at Harvard University and elsewhere, Faticoni was weighted with

a 20-pound cannonball or otherwise burdened and thrown into the water.

He stayed afloat on one such occasion for 15 hours and apparently could have remained afloat indefinitely.

He could assume any position in the water asked of him—even fall asleep—yet his mouth and nostrils were always held above the surface as though by some invisible protective force.

Careful medical examination revealed that he had no body cavities of abnormal size.

The case of Faticoni has never been explained, except by the assumption that he had willed that he could not be drowned, and hence was immune to drowning.

There are, of course, numerous records of persons who actually "walked on the surface of the wa-

ter." Many of these, however, were in a state of religious ecstasy or trance at the time.

SOME people seem able to repel others by setting up a forcewall about them.

Harry Price, the famous "debunker" of mediums and other spiritualistic phenomena, whose articles on occult subjects appear in the *Encyclopedia Britannica*, investigated a man in Germany in 1925 who was able, merely by pointing a finger at people, to "pitch them out on the street." He did this, as a matter of fact, to an entire group of investigators.

"It was a great sensation . . ." Price noted. That appears to be putting it mildly!

This man was also able to "think-command" heavy furniture from place to place, even from room to room.

Another famous person with repulsive force was an English woman, Mrs. Mary Richardson, who could knock a man to the floor merely by touching him with her fingertip.

As many as 13 men could line up in a row, each with his hands on the shoulders of the man in front, and push against her, but she wouldn't budge.

More amazingly, she could then drive the men backward by increasing her repulsive force!

Mrs. Richardson, who gave performances in vaudeville, could reverse her strange force at will. In one instant six men, three to each of her elbows, could not lift her from the floor; in the next she al-

lowed them to lift her without effort.

Curiously enough, there were two "magnetic ladies" in the single state of Georgia toward the close of the last century. They were Lulu Hurst and Mrs. Annie Abbott. Both of them became famed vaudeville performers.

Lulu Hurst, a slim young woman, could lift a chair in which a 200-pound man was seated merely by touching it with her fingers and raising her arm.

In the familiar "tug-of-war" she defeated as many as 10 of the strongest men available, and on one occasion she towed a wagon loaded with grain that a pair of dray horses could scarcely budge.

All these feats were performed apparently without effort.

Mrs. Abbott, who was known as the *Little Georgia Magnet*, actually weighed less than 100 pounds. She was able to perform only when in a "trance."

But when entranced, she lifted two 250-pound men simultaneously, one with each *fully extended arm*. She could defeat the push or pull of 10 men, and she could also make herself heavy or light at will.

Mrs. Betsy Anna Talks, who lived in Queens County, New York, was able to carry two 400-pound barrels of sugar simultaneously, one under each arm. Apparently never exhibited, she was known as a "psychic" until her death in 1931.

IT is noteworthy that many of these cases of supernatural strength involve women and particularly girls.

Some authorities believe that females have greater psychokinetic powers than males, due perhaps to a compensation for their lesser physical strength and also to the possibility that females may be more "psychic" or intuitive than males.

Such power in females has often been noted to attain its maximum just before or at the arrival of full sexual maturity. Often a waxing and waning in accordance with the menstrual cycle has been noted.

But there are also many males with these powers. One, who apparently had the power of seeing through solid metal as well as superhuman strength was an Englishman who was exhibited under the name of Marlon some years ago.

On the invitation of Harry Price and London University's Council for *Psychical Research*, he was carefully investigated under strict control conditions by a committee

MARRIAGE MISCHIEF



Marriage is an event in anyone's life. Whether you're looking forward to the day, or looking back (with or without regret), you'll go for this spicy "wedding" view of bride and groom. Here's first-sight for those who can still probe by it also insight and hindsight. So set your night for a most revealing experience!

FULL-PAGE CARTOONS



MARRIAGE MISCHIEF is headnew, devilishly indiscreet, with original full-page cartoons. Gay and tricky as wedding champagne, it will keep you gagging through a season of matrimony. And talking of eggs, here's a whopper! Give MARRIAGE MISCHIEF as a wedding or anniversary present. Try it also on your spouse or intended.

FEATURES

- ✓ What Every Bride Should Know
- ✓ Causes for the Laid-back Groom
- ✓ The Truth About Treasures
- ✓ Honeymoons—Conventional and Otherwise
- ✓ Hazards of the First Night
- ✓ The Bachelor Dinner
- ✓ The Wedding Date
- ✓ From Smoker to Bedroom

And many more revealing topics

ORDER ON APPROVAL

Order MARRIAGE MISCHIEF in plain wrapper for 10 days' FREE examination. If not thoroughly satisfied, return for immediate refund of complete purchase price.

ONLY
98¢

MAIL COUPON TODAY

PLAZA BOOK CO. DEPT. A-124
100 Broad St., New York 4, N. Y.

Send MARRIAGE MISCHIEF in plain wrapper. If not satisfied, I may return it in 10 days for refund.

☐ Send C.S.B. I will pay postage 50¢ plus postage.

☐ I enclose \$5.00—order paid in full.

Name.....

Address.....

City..... State.....

Canada and Foreign—\$1.50 with order



"Is that new chili powder hot enough, Gaspar?"

of seven scientists on January 25, 1934.

Preparations were elaborate. Six heavy steel boxes, each so heavy that it could be lifted only with difficulty by a strong man, were placed at random about the test room. These boxes were identical in appearance.

In one of them was a small steel ring, wrapped in cotton, which had been placed inside the box by a man who was not a party to the experiment. None of the seven scientists knew which box contained the ring.

Then Marion was called in. Not a word was spoken, for Marion had been instructed in advance what was required of him. He went to each box in turn and briefly held a hand, which was quivering slightly, above it.

Without hesitation he opened the lid of one of the boxes. Inside was the ring.

Then, using only one hand, Marion piled the boxes one on top of the other and lifted them into the air!

It is noteworthy in the case of Marion that his hand trembled as though permeated by some unknown current when he performed his feat of divination, and that muscularly he was no better developed than any average man.

Modern science has not yet explained his feats, except by assuming that he possessed the powers of both clairvoyance and telekinesis.

THE London Times of April 27, 1972, reports the weird action of an 11-year-old boy who pelted a house in Bermondsey with rocks from a quarry so severely that every window was smashed, the walls badly damaged, every piece of

furniture destroyed and two children seriously injured.

What flabbergasted the investigators was that the rocks thrown by the boy were too heavy for a strong man to lift. What punishment was meted out to the boy, and what prompted his temporary supernatural strength, is not recorded.

Many people in rages—and particularly the insane—have shown supernatural strength. David, at the time he slew Goliath with a cast stone, may have been in such a fury.

Many "impossible" escapes from prison may possibly be explained by assuming temporary supernatural strength.

In 1839, Mary Jobson of Durham, England, whose case is exhaustively documented by Dr. Reid Clanny, was temporarily "possessed" by strength described as miraculous.

Only 13 years old at the time, this girl was able to escape from confinement at will merely by pushing on a heavy oaken door, snapping off not one but two locks.

She was able to twist the bars out of windows, later "playfully" bending them into circles.

Mary Jobson was confined, incidentally, not for purposes of punishment but in order to test her powers.

IN another instance a boy of only eight, living in Tedworth, England, developed supernatural strength only when a certain prisoner was confined in the jail nearby.

When the prisoner was moved to a different jail, the boy lost his power; when the prisoner was brought back, the phenomena resumed.

This boy's power may have been triggered by subconscious resentment toward the prisoner—whom he had never even seen!

At any rate, when the "strength was on him," he was able to rip a heavy oaken door off its hinges or move such objects as a ponderous iron stove with one hand.

On one occasion, like Samson, he moved a 12 x 12 beam in a barn wall; the entire building caved in. Though struck by many falling timbers, the boy was not injured, was not even scratched.

In the fantastic "Epworth Castle Case," which occurred in 1718, a girl named Hetty sat down, one day, against an "old and big elm tree." She merely leaned back, and the tree fell over.

Examination revealed that it had

NOT been about to fall anyway, but on the contrary had been uprooted by a terrific force.

Though Hetty, when she looked at a stove, could make it rise high in the air, her force seems to have been directed mostly toward trees. Within a few weeks she toppled so many that her parents placed her in a convent, where she quickly lost her eerie power.

Perhaps the first person to definitely connect supernatural strength with electricity or some related form of energy was Francois Arago, the eminent French physicist.

Dr. Arago was one of a group of scientists who investigated Angelique Cottin—another young girl—when she showed such powers in the year 1848, at the age of 14.

Angelique could send the heaviest furniture "spinning" merely by walking toward it.

She could pick up a massive bed with one hand, and on one occasion she "thought" a solid oak table seven feet long and six feet wide straight up to the ceiling. This table was so heavy that it required four men to lift.

Dr. Arago hung balls of pith or feathers on fine silken threads that hung from the ceiling, making a complete circle around Angelique with these electro-sensitive objects.

He found that they were always attracted or repelled whenever Angelique "turned on" her power.

MANY similar experiments involving far more delicate devices have, of course, been made since. They prove conclusively the existence of a flow of some form of energy akin to electricity whenever telekinesis is successfully employed.

But what that energy is—perhaps channelized gravitation and its reverse—has not yet been ascertained.

Mostly, it is known only that telekinesis does exist, that all people possess it in some degree—as proven by the Duke University experiments, and that a few people possess fantastic powers.

Generally, it is poorly controlled, or under no conscious control at all. But it appears to be the basic force in the universe—the direct command and motivation of Matter by Mind.

Once man has learned how to control this force, he will have supernatural strength indeed! He may be able to change the motions of the stars themselves merely by exercising his will.

THE END



"Let's flip for her."

An Amazing NEW HEALTH SUPPORTER BELT

For men in their 30's, 40's, 50's
who want to

**LOOK SLIMMER
and
FEEL YOUNGER**



**POSTURE BAD?
Got a 'Bay Window'?**



**DO YOU ENVY MEN
who can
'KEEP ON THEIR FEET'?**



**YOU NEED A
'CHEVALIER'!**

DOES a bulging "bay window" make you look and feel years older than you really are? Then here, at last, is the answer to your problem! "Chevalier", the wonderful new adjustable health supporter belt is scientifically constructed to help you look and feel years younger!

The CHEVALIER

**LIFTS AND FLATTENS YOUR
BULGING "BAY WINDOW"**

Why go on day after day with an "old-man's" mid-section bulge ... or with a tired back that needs posture support? Just see how "Chevalier" brings you vital control where you need it most! "Chevalier" has a built-in strap. You adjust the belt the way you want. Presto! Your "bay-window" bulge is lifted in ... flattened out—yet you feel wonderfully comfortable!

**FRONT
ADJUSTMENT**
Works quick as a flash! Simply adjust the strap and presto! The belt is perfectly adjusted to your greatest comfort!



**DETACHABLE
POUCH**

Air-circulating! Scientifically designed and made to give wonderful support and protection!

Healthful, Enjoyable Abdominal Control

It's great! You can wear "Chevalier" all day long. Will not bind or make you feel restricted. That's because the two-way stretch cloth plus the front adjustment bring you personalized fit. The "Chevalier" is designed according to scientific facts of healthful posture control. It's made by experts to give you the comfort and healthful "fit" you want. Just see all the wonderful features below. And remember—you can get the "Chevalier" on FREE TRIAL! Mail the coupon right now!

**TWO-WAY
STRETCH-T-C-M
WONDER CLOTH**
Tightly holds in your flabby abdomen, yet it stretches as you breathe, bend, stoop, after meals, etc.



See Your
**PITS SQUEE AT
SMALL OF BACK**
Firm, comfortable support. Feels good!



FREE Extra Pouch. The **FREE** Chevalier has a removable pouch made of a soft, comfortable fabric that absorbs perspiration. So that you can change it regularly we include an extra pouch. Limited offer. Order yours today.

FREE TRIAL OFFER

1. You risk nothing! Just mail coupon—be sure to give a name and address, also waist measure, etc. — and mail TODAY!



2. Try on the "Chevalier". Adjust belt the way you want. See how your bulging "bay window" looks streamlined—how comfortable you feel. How good it is!



3. Wear the "Chevalier" for 10 whole days if you want to! Wear it to work, evening, while bowling, etc. The "Chevalier" must help you look and feel "like a million" or you can send it back! See offer in coupon!



SEND NO MONEY: JUST MAIL COUPON

RONNIE SALES, INC. Dept. 5016-R
487 Broadway, New York 13, N. Y.

Send me for 10 days' FREE TRIAL a CHEVALIER HEALTH-SUPPORTER BELT. I will pay postman \$3.99 (plus postage) with the understanding that includes my FREE pouch. In 10 days, I will either return CHEVALIER to you and you will return my money, or otherwise my payment will be a full and final purchase price.

My waist measure is _____ (Send string the size of your wrist if the tape measure is handy)

Name _____

Address _____

City and Zone _____ State _____

☐ Send \$5 postage. We pay postage if you enclose payment now. Some Free Trial and refund privileges.

RONNIE SALES, INC., Dept. 5016-E, 487 Broadway, N. Y. 13, N. Y.

It echoed dully through his consciousness, "Five hundred bucks, five hundred bucks."

His brain cleared. He was on his hands and knees, a man was waving an arm over him, another man in boxing trunks was standing off a little distance. He was up.

The man in boxing trunks drove him into a corner. He couldn't get his hands up; he couldn't get his hands up. The man was hitting his flaming head with punch after punch.

Dazed, his brain going dark, Bobby began to move his lips. He was mumbling, "Five hundred bucks, five hundred bucks, Mary and Jimmy, five hundred bucks."

The referee counted Bobby out. He was dragged to his corner as the crowd boomed; then, as Martine's glove was held aloft, they burst into a loud cheer.

The salesman was disgusted.

BOXER WHO STARTED A SENATE INVESTIGATION

(Continued from page 19)

Hurley stomped out of the matchmaker's offices on the second floor of Madison Square Garden.

He was obviously disgusted with the terms that had been offered him for a future fight in the Garden.

The former manager of the great Billy Petrolle and the ill-fated Vince Foster felt that his boy Matthews was going to get a raw deal if he stayed around the neighborhood of the Garden.

Hurley wanted to maintain his independence as a manager and didn't want any exclusive contract tie-up, nor was he interested in any deal with the matchmaker.

Matthews and Hurley headed back West, where Harry continued to bowl over his opposition, while Hurley Interested Senator Cain and another Western State legislator in Matthews' case against the I.B.C. Hurley flatly stated that Harry Matthews, by virtue of his clean-cut victory over Murphy, was entitled to a match with Joey Maxim, the champion, for the light-heavyweight championship. The sons, after hearing Hurley's story, solemnly agreed with Jack.

Some several millions of boxing fans and writers are of the same opinion. After Maxim easily defeated Murphy to retain his title, the

"Two rounds. Can you beat it? That Irish bum took a dive."

The blonde, as she was being helped into her fur coat, sounded annoyed, "Where can we go for an hour? It's too early to crash the party."

Her escort was exasperated. "You know what I said, they shouldn't pay him. I could have done better."

The old-timer was over to Martine's corner, shaking his gory glove, saying, "You certainly sent Brady, to the cleaners. He won't be any good after this."

The sailor was angry. He said, "Why don't they take him back to his paper dolls, give him a scissors, and forget about him."

But Irish Bobby Brady wasn't concerned with the crowd's disapproval. He didn't even care about the five hundred bucks anymore. Irish Bobby Brady was dead.

THE END

Senators began to get the investigation going in earnest.

Matthews is 29 years of age and has been a professional since he was 15, with time out for three years of service with the U. S. Army in the Pacific campaign of World War II.

Hurley contends that as things now stand, Matthews will have a gray beard by the time he gets his much belated opportunity to win the title.

Because many boxing fans still do not know as much about Matthews as they do about the more ballyhooed victim of their bout, Bob Murphy, a few of his boxing career highlights are in order:

BORN in Ota, Idaho, about thirty miles from Boise, Harry Matthews was brought up on a small cattle ranch. An older brother wanted to box, but was discouraged by his grandparents.

"When I started to grow up," said Harry, "my Dad let me make a choice. I could be a ball player or a boxer. I wanted to be a fighter. He showed me the simple punches."

"I started my pro career in smaller arenas in Boise and Pocatello. Then I moved to Seattle, where there was more money. I was living in Seattle when I went into the



To the man
who wants
to enjoy an

ACCOUNTANT'S CAREER

If you're that man, here's something that will interest you. Not a magic formula—but something more substantial, more practical.

Of course, you've got to pay the price, study earnestly. Still, wouldn't it be worth while for a brief period—provided the rewards were good—a salary of \$4,000 to \$10,000? An accountant's duties are interesting, varied, of real worth to his employer—life is *standing*.

Why not, like so many before you, let LaSalle's Problem Method start you climbing?

Suppose you could work in a large accounting firm under the personal supervision of an expert accountant—solving easy problems at first, then more difficult ones. With his advice, soon you'd master them all.

That's what LaSalle's Problem Method gives you. You cover Principles, Systems, Income Tax, Auditing, Cost Accounting, Business Law, Organization, Finance—right on up through C.P.A. preparation. You progress as rapidly as you care to—start-cashing in while still learning.

Will recognition come? You know success does come to the man really trained. Yes—trained accountants are the executives of tomorrow.

For your own good, write for free 46-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays"—plus "Ten Years' Promotion in One," a book which has helped many men. Mail the coupon NOW.

Over 3500 C.P.A.'s among LaSalle alumni

LASALLE EXTENSION
Dept. HR-657 CHICAGO 5, Illinois

LASALLE EXTENSION UNIVERSITY
A CORRESPONDENCE INSTITUTION

417 S. Dearborn St., Chicago 5, Ill.
Dept. HR-657

I want to be an accountant, find out, without cost or obligation, the 46-page book, "Accountancy, the Profession that Pays," and full information about your accountancy training program—the "Ten Years' Promotion in One."

☐ Higher Accountancy

Other LaSalle Opportunities

☐ C.P.A. Coaching	☐ Traffic Management
☐ Bookkeeping	☐ Personnel Management
☐ Law, L.L.B. Degree	☐ Industrial Management
☐ Business Management	☐ Stenography
☐ Salesmanship	☐ (Includes Shorthand)

Name _____ Age _____

Address _____

City, Zone, State _____

STOP TOBACCO



Banish the craving for tobacco as thousands have with Tobacco Bellesse. Write Today for free booklet telling of injurious effect of tobacco and of a treatment which has relieved over 300,000 people. In Business Since 1905
THE NEWELL COMPANY
441 Clayton St. • St. Louis 8, Mo.

FREE BOOK

Something NEW Something DIFFERENT

Don't miss a single issue of this exciting
NEW MAGAZINE



The Inside Story
of

- ★ TV PROGRAMS
- ★ TV STARS
- ★ TV GLAMOUR

READING for MALES

How To Start Your Own Mail
Order Business, by Ken Alexander

Reviewed by Jack Parker

Believe me, I feel a healthy respect for mail order, having seen a friend, a former \$30-a-week clerk, acquire a Cadillac and a country estate in the business. Questioned about his success, he explained, "Mail order! You just slice open the mail and extract the dollar bills."

But perhaps he is to be taken more literally than his facetious reply implies. I feel so since reading "How To Start Your Own Mail Order Business," a book which dispels the mystery about mail order.

Beginning with the idea, the author shows what makes a product suitable for mail order, giving many illustrations such as hair coloring, medicines, cosmetics, fashions, novelty jewelry, picture albums, etc. One can operate from home or it is business by adding a mail order department for just the cost of printing and stamps.

The book shows how to prepare a mail order ad, where to place it and gives the names of list brokers, and publications used successfully in mail order.

The book is sold on refund guaranteed basis and persons interested are advised to get it by sending \$2.00 directly to the publisher:

STAYON PUBLISHERS, Dept. T-444

113 West 57th St. New York 19, N. Y.

Army in 1943.

"Incidentally, I was only 17 years of age when I was fighting ten-round bouts!

"When the war ended, I went back to boxing, the one thing I knew best. I was winning, but I wasn't getting decent purses. When my contract with my manager ran out, I had a chat with my wife who encouraged me to drive to Chicago and look up Jack Hurley. He was one manager of whom I had heard only good spoken. He agreed to handle me."

MATTHEWS returned to Chicago, signed with Hurley and won a ten-round decision over George Sherman in the Windy City. After the bout, Harry asked Hurley what he thought of the fight.

The veteran manager peered at Harry through his glasses, then snapped:

"You call that a fight? Jab and run. Jab and run."

Matthews was hurt by his new manager's criticism. After all, thought Harry, he had been fighting for 12 years and after 70 fights a manager wanted to change his style. How could you teach an old dog new tricks?

Hurley proceeded to "unlearn" Matthews. For two months they worked in the gym, worked from the feet up, on position and leverage and on the moves that have become distinguishing marks of Hurley fighters.

At first, Matthews wasn't "sold" on Hurley's methods. "I was so discouraged," said Harry, "that I didn't think any of Jack's suggestions would help. Of course, I listened to him and tried to do what he told me to do, but I had no confidence in his suggestions until one day."

"I was sparring with a big heavyweight in the gymnasium. Suddenly, I made one of the moves that Hurley had taught me. I hit the big fellow with a right hand punch, and he went down and out."

"I had never hit anyone as hard as that, yet it didn't feel hard on my hand, but I did feel it back in my shoulder. Leverage had helped me put away the big boy."

"Shortly afterwards, I fought Billy Davis in Omaha. I followed Jack's instructions. I maneuvered my opponent into position and let go. He went out in a minute and 40 seconds of the fight."

"A month later, following Hurley's battle plan, I knocked out Tony Elizondo with a body punch in just one minute and 39 seconds

of the first round. That's when I became fully convinced that Hurley's plan was getting me somewhere."

HURLEY plans Matthews' fights as precisely as if the battle is on a chess board instead of on canvas in the roped arena.

"I get him to miss a couple of punches," explained manager Jack. "Then he throws in the right hand punch."

"What the opponent doesn't know is that Matthews is missing with the first two punches on purpose. They are just camouflage so the other guy won't know that Harry is moving into position to let go with his heavy artillery."

In 1969 Stanley Ketchel used somewhat the same plan of purposely missing a right hand punch in order to shift into position to sink his left into an unwary foe's stomach.

"It frightens me," says Matthews, "to think that I fought for twelve years and after 70 fights knew so little. Now, Jack and I plan every fight as if it were an invasion. Nothing is left to chance. In fact, I feel a little sorry for the fellow in the other corner."

Matthews is expected to get his chance to win the light-heavyweight crown later this year. If he does, he still will be two years younger than was Tiger Flowers when he took the middleweight title away from Harry Greb.

And while Matthews has been boxing for 14 years, Rocky Kansas had been fighting for the same length of time before he defeated Jimmy Goodrich for the lightweight title in 1925.

THE combination of Matthews and Hurley makes for one of the brighter aspects of a sometimes sordid business. Hurley is a specialist at recharging the batteries of ringworn warriors. His make-over jobs are usually better than the original models.

His miracle-working with Billy Petrolle is still fresh in the minds of the public. The Fargo Express, a good club fighter, seemed to have come to the end of the road in 1930.

He announced his retirement. After mulling things over for a year, Petrolle decided to give boxing another try. He made his comeback piloted by Hurley.

Billy's early record, a spotty one, was completely obscured by the sensational exploits of his "old age" comeback, and he won his

permanent fame after he was supposedly "washed up."

Hurley changed Matthews from an unexciting jabber to a dynamic puncher, specializing in the "sudden death" wallop which makes for ring drama.

Harry's father taught him the rudiments of boxing, it took a Jack Hurley to transform Harry Matthews into a smart-moving, hard-punching threat to Joey Maxim, the title-holder.

According to Jack Kearns, the astute manager of Maxim, Joey's plans call for a title defense against Don Cockell, the British Empire light-heavyweight champion. A superb boxer, Maxim should outpoint the Britisher, according to the ring experts.

Bob Satterfield, the hard-mittling Negro light-heavy out of Chicago, also has been mentioned as a possible opponent for Maxim. This match was scheduled to take place after the London bout.

In the meantime, Harry Matthews, whom many thousands feel is the rightful No. 1 challenger, is fighting out in the Western States where he is highly popular, but the purses aren't what a fighter of Matthews' class should command in the East.

MANAGER Hurley has convinced Senator Cain and the other Senators that he is an independent and has no "mob" connections.

As a result of Hurley's word picture of the present boxing situation, the solons are also convinced that the tendency to monopolistic control of boxing is increasing where boxing is a large scale operation.

And friends of Jack Hurley have also explained to Senator Cain and his conferees the meaning of "a house fighter."

They have pointed out to the legislators that the recent bout between Joe Louis and Rocky Marciano was "a house match."

Louis, long the "property" of Mike Jacobs, the Twentieth Century Club promoter, fought Marciano, managed by Marty Weill, son of the International Boxing Club's matchmaker, Al Weill.

The "house fighter" has been a familiar figure in boxing for the past 15 years. Before Jim Braddock lost his heavyweight crown to Joe Louis in Chicago, Joe Gould, the smart little manager of Braddock, signed the contract for that bout with the proviso that Braddock should receive a percentage of the purses of Louis' future bouts for a

certain length of time, in the event that Braddock was defeated.

Matthews, according to Hurley, will never become a "house" fighter.

And because he is apparently frozen out of the big arenas where the I.B.C. operates, the Senate investigators have been as busy as the proverbial bees gleaning what information they can from the characters in Stillmans and in other spots where the boxers train.

What will come of the investigation is a moot question to be answered only after a complete report has been made to the solons.

One of the investigators has suggested several changes from the top down. This would eliminate the "house" fighter to a certain extent. The next step, asserts the Senate sleuth, is to weaken the grip of characters of dubious background on the boxers.

This, of course, is only possible by a strict policing of such personnel as managers, handlers and shadowy figures who, while unable to front for their fighters because of criminal records, nevertheless pull the strings on their fighters' activities via whispered conferences in bar booths.

ONE of the contributing factors to the increase in ring fatalities is the policy of these sinister characters to match the boy they want to "build up" with an unfortunate who has suffered a succession of knockouts but who accepts the match because a grasping manager, often working with the manager or "owner" of the opponent, says it's "a pay day."

Jack Hurley is one pilot who has never resorted to such tactics. When he saw that Vince Foster, the bible-reading kid who ended his meteoric life in an auto smash-up, was bent on mixing strong drink with boxing and revival meetings, Hurley washed his hands of the problem child.

As Matthews has said: "When I'm ready to quit, Jack Hurley will be the first to tell me. No one is more candid than he."

In the meantime, Matthews is keeping his ring tools sharp in the hope that by some turn of circumstances he will yet prove that he is the best light-heavyweight in the world.

Thanks to Manager Hurley, Harry can claim the distinction of being the only boxer who has caused a United States Senate Committee to start a wholesale investigation of boxing.

*It's EASY
to Win Her!*



... when You Know How!

Women are funny — you never know whether you're making the right move or not. Avoid disappointment, heart-break! Save yourself lots of tragedy. Don't be a *Faux pas*! Read **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS** and discover for yourself the ABC and XYZ of successful strategy. Put psychology to work. No more clumsy mistakes for you — get the real McCoy on how to deal with women in this amazing handbook.



Now
Only
98c

READ FOR YOURSELF!

How To Date A Girl	How To Look Your Best
How To Interest Her	How Not To Offend Her
How To Win Her Love	How To Be Good-Natured
How To Express Your Love	How To Overcome "Jealousy"
How To "Make Up" With Her	How To Hold Her Love
How To Have "Personality"	How To Show Her A Good Time

AND MORE VALUABLE PAGES!

SEND NO MONEY!

FREE five days examination of this book is offered to you if you send the coupon today! We will ship you your copy by return mail, in plain wrapper. If not delighted with results, after reading book, return it in 5 days and your money will be refunded. PLAZA BOOK CO., New York N. Y.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

PLAZA BOOK CO. Dept. D-111
105 Broad St., New York 6, N. Y.

Send **HOW TO GET ALONG WITH GIRLS** in plain wrapper.

☐ I enclose \$6c. you pay postage.
☐ Send C.O.D. and I pay postman 98c plus p.w.
If not delighted I may return it in 5 days and get my money back.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____

Canada & Foreign—\$1.25 with order

THE END



Here's An

Family

PAYS \$100.00

FOR A DAY, A WEEK, A MONTH, A YEAR, OR EVEN FOR LIFE...

TWO SPECIAL FEATURES

MATERNITY BENEFITS At Small Extra Cost

Women who will some day have babies will want to take advantage of a special low cost maternity rider. Pays \$50.00 for childbirth confinement either in the hospital or at home, after policy has been in force 10 months. Double the amount no refund.

POLIO BENEFITS At No Extra Cost

So few of other regular benefits policy pays these benefits if polio strikes—\$500.00 For Hospital Bills, up to.....
For Doctor's Bills while in the hospital, up to.....
For Orthopedic Appliances, up to.....
TOTAL OF \$1,500.00

JUST LOOK! The Large Benefit This Low Cost Policy Provides!

This remarkable Family Hospital Policy covers you and your family for about everything—for every kind of accident—and for all the common and rare diseases, and there are thousands of them, originating after the policy has been in force 30 days. Serious diseases that require hospitalization because of tuberculosis, cancer, heart disease, hernia, or diseases of the organs which are peculiar to women or sicknesses resulting in a surgical operation. Lung and scoliotic conditions are also covered if the cause originates six months after the effective date of the policy. Suicide, insanity, and venereal diseases are understandably excluded.

The money is all yours—for any purpose you want to use it. There are no hidden meanings or big words in this policy. You can understand the coverage this policy offers because it is written in big type in words that mean exactly what they say. This new Family Hospital Plan has been developed by a fast 28-year-old established company with assets of \$13,188,604.16 to render a real and necessary service to the families of America. It is the kind of protection that will stand by you when emergency comes. We urge you and every family to send for this policy on our 10 day free trial—and be convinced that no other hospital plan offers so much for your \$1.00 a month!

Wonderful news! This new policy covers everyone from infancy to age 70—with cash benefits as surprising they should have instant appeal for you. Think of it! When sickness or accident sends you to the hospital, you will want this new Family Protection Plan. It PAYS \$100.00 PER WEEK—for a day, a month, even a year, or longer—just as long, in fact, as it's necessary to stay in the hospital. What a relief to know that you and your family could have this PROTECTION so that precious savings may be safeguarded and thus avoid going into debt! The money is paid directly to you—if's YOURS to use and spend as you wish. No strings attached—the company pays you welcome cash when you need it most for as long as hospitalization continues—and you or any insured member of the family may return to the hospital for sickness or accident as many times in the year as necessary without paying one cent additional premium.

3¢ A DAY IS ALL YOU PAY for this outstanding new Family Protection!

Sounds unbelievable—but it's true! NEW LOW COST for this wonderful family hospital protection is just 3¢ a day for each adult 18 to 39 and for ages 60 to 70 only 4½¢ a day. For children up to 18 years, the cost is only 1½¢ a day for each child! Naturally this policy is issued only to families and individuals now in good health—otherwise the cost would be sky high. But once protected by this policy, you are covered for hospitalization for about every sickness and accident. Back of this policy are the full resources of the nationally known Service Life Insurance Company of Omaha, Nebraska—organized under the laws of the State of Nebraska, with policyholders in every state, and with assets of \$13,188,604.16 as of January 1, 1951.

SERVICE LIFE

Hospital Department N-51



Entirely New Kind of **HOSPITAL PLAN**

A WEEK DIRECT TO YOU While in the Hospital for Sickness or Accident

REMEMBER \$100.00 A WEEK IS ACTUALLY \$14.28 A DAY!

This cash benefit actually takes care of most hospital room expense anywhere in the country... with probably money left over. Use the money this policy pays to help cover costly hospital room and board, surgeon's and doctor's bills, nursing care, hospital "extras", and what is left over will help pay you for the time lost from work or business. Members of your family from age 18 to 70 receive the cash benefit starting with the first day of confinement in the hospital. This remarkable new Family Hospital Plan covers children under 18 with cash benefits of \$50.00 a week while in the hospital, for as long as they stay! Benefits paid to you when confined to any recognized hospital, except government hospitals, rest homes and sanitariums, clinics, health resorts or spas. You pick your own doctor. Your good health—and the health of your family—is your most priceless possession. But it's plain common sense to be prepared should misfortune strike.

Examine this Policy Without Cost or Obligation— Read It—Talk It Over—Then Decide 10 DAYS FREE EXAMINATION

Service Life Insurance Company invites you to inspect this brand new kind of Family Hospital Plan. We will send the actual policy to you for 10 days free examination. Talk it over with your banker, doctor, lawyer or spiritual adviser. Compare this policy with any other. Then—and only then—make up your mind. SEND NO MONEY—just your name and address on the coupon. Mail today—learn about this protection now!

MAIL COUPON

The Actual Policy Will Come
to You at Once Without Cost or Obligation

INSURANCE COMPANY

Omaha 2, Nebraska

This is What \$100⁰⁰ A Week Can Mean to You When in the Hospital for Sickness or Accident

Money melts away fast when you or a member of your family has to go to the hospital. You have to pay costly hospital board and room... doctor's bills and maybe the surgeon's bill too... necessary medicines, operating room fees—~~a~~ thousand and one things you don't count on in advance. Ready cash and savings go in a hurry—another way of saying what a Godsend this READY CASH BENEFIT WILL BE TO YOU. Here's cash to go a long way toward paying heavy hospital expenses—and the money left over can help pay for time lost from your job or business. Remember—all cash benefits are paid directly to you—and over to a doctor or hospital unless you so direct. This means you can use the money to your own best advantage.

THIS POLICY SOLD BY MAIL

There's a big advantage to buying this policy by mail. This method of selling-by-mail is less costly for us—and that's another reason why we can offer so much protection to you for so little money.

The Service Life Insurance Company
Hospital Department N-51 Omaha 2, Nebraska

Please rush the new Family Hospital Protection Plan Policy to me on 10 days Free Inspection. I understand that I am under no obligation.

Name

Address

City or Town State

DIME-A-DANCE HALLS

(Continued from page 17)

The taxi-dance hall originated in New York City during prohibition. It differed from the conventional ballroom where the man and his girl attended as a couple, or men and girls came individually—buying their own tickets for the evening—in that tickets were sold for each dance, and the men bought the tickets, chose their partners, and gave each partner her tickets for one or more dances before starting to dance.

Thus the girls were actually for hire for as long or as short a time as the men chose, exactly like taxicabs.

Since each dance generally cost a dime, the girls were at first known as "nickel hoppers," because they were paid 50 per cent of the price of each ticket, or a nickel a dance.

They were also called "dime-a-dance girls." But when somebody thought of "taxi dancers" the term caught on, because it was so apt.

Currently, there are taxi-dance

halls in almost every city of moderate size or larger. They are generally located in or on the fringe of the theatrical-hotel district. And—like Chinese restaurants—they are generally on the second floor.

It's easy to identify a taxi-dance hall. Very often, at the ground-floor entrance, there's a display of photographs of lovelies, clad in clinging satin evening gowns with plunging necklines and skirts slit on the side to the knee or above.

Signs along the building may variously advertise "Dancing Academy," "Dance Palace," or merely "50—Gorgeous Girls—50."

Sometimes the advertising display is decorous, even refined, while in other cases it may shriek with vulgarity. A familiar type of the latter sort may even display paintings of nude women and semi-nudes—often reproductions of the classics—as "art" across the non-transparent windows, tinted, very often a lurid bluish-purple.

LET'S visit a few of these places of money. Though the price of admission and dances has scarcely climbed at all in two decades—admission is generally around 60 cents, while eight dance tickets can be purchased for a dollar (sometimes the price is still ten cents a dance)—it's possible to spend as much as \$6.00 an hour at dancing or "sitting out" alone, while if food and drinks are served, the costs can be astronomical.

Many "nickel hoppers" who know their stuff earn as much as \$200 or more a week without resorting to prostitution, while earnings of \$75 and \$100 a week are common.

They still get half the cost of the tickets, which—as a rule—they accept directly from their partners, retain, and turn in at the close of the evening.

In places with bare and restaurants, they may also get a cut on the refreshment expenditure.

Let's try a better-class place first. The place is tastefully decorated; there is a coruscating, multicolored light over the center of the floor, chairs or benches at one end of the floor for the male patrons and a similar setup at the other end for the "instructresses" or "hostesses."

A railing divides the floor in half, and in this railing is a break or maybe a gate. On one side of the railing stands a row of girls, acting vivacious and "peppy," while on the other stand the men patrons, looking them over and making their choices.

YOU pick a girl named Gloria La Flamme (actually her real name may be Gertrude Jones) and dance with her. She is a pretty redhead, well-stacked, about 21. She is a good dancer.

When you get toward the last of your eight one-minute dances you try holding her close, and you try to find out whether she's married or single, but she evades without actually repulsing you on either point.

This is so you'll buy more tickets and come back for her. The bald truth is that Gloria's paycheck and perhaps her job depend solely—insofar as the dance hall is concerned—on how many tickets she turns in.

You can't get far with Gloria while dancing, so you suggest sitting out. There is a section with tables reserved for that purpose.

But you find you'll have to buy a half-hour's supply of tickets—cost \$3.00 or more—to sit out. You



"You should always check to see if the seat is up."

Reducing Specialist Says:
LOSE WEIGHT

Where
It
Shows
Most

REDUCE

MOST ANY
PART OF
THE
BODY WITH

ELECTRIC Spot Reducer

Relaxing • Soothing
Penetrating Massage



UNDERWRITERS
LABORATORY
APPROVED



FOR GREATEST BENEFIT IN REDUCING by massage use SPOT REDUCER with or without electricity—also used as an aid in the relief of pains for which massage is indicated.



Take pounds off—keep slim and trim with Spot Reducer! Remarkable new invention which uses one of the most effective reducing methods employed by masseurs and Turkish baths—MASSAGE!

TAKE OFF EXCESS WEIGHT!

Don't Stay FAT—You Can LOSE POUNDS and INCHES SAFELY Without Risking HEALTH

LIKE a magic wand, the "Spot Reducer" obeys your every wish. Most any part of your body where it is loose and flabby, wherever you have extra weight and inches, the "Spot Reducer" can aid you in acquiring a youthful, slender and graceful figure. The beauty of this scientifically designed Reducer is that the method is so simple and easy, the results quick, sure and harmless. No exercises or strict diets. No steambaths, drugs or laxatives.

With the SPOT REDUCER you can now enjoy the benefits of RELAXING, SOOTHING massage in the privacy of your own home! Simple to use—just plug in, grasp handle and apply over most any part of the body—stomach, hips, chest, neck, thighs, arms, buttocks, etc. The relaxing, soothing massage breaks down FATTY TISSUES, tones the muscles and flesh, and the increased awakened blood circulation carries away waste fat—helps you regain and keep a firmer and more GRACEFUL FIGURE!

YOUR OWN PRIVATE MASSEUR AT HOME

When you use the Spot Reducer, it's almost like having your own private masseur at home. It's fun reducing this way! It not only helps you reduce and keep slim—but also aids in the relief of those types of aches and pains—and tired nerves that can be helped by massage! The Spot Reducer is handsomely made of light weight aluminum and rubber and truly a beautiful invention you will be thankful you own. AC 110 volts. Underwriters Laboratory approved.

TRY THE SPOT REDUCER 10 DAYS FREE IN YOUR OWN HOME!

Mail this coupon with only \$1 for your Spot Reducer an approval. Pay postman \$8.95 plus delivery—or send \$9.95 (full price) and we ship postage prepaid. Use it for ten days in your own home. Then if not delighted return Spot Reducer for full purchase price refund. Don't delay! You have nothing to lose—except ugly, embarrassing, undesirable pounds of FAT. MAIL COUPON NOW!

SENT ON APPROVAL—MAIL COUPON NOW!

ALSO USE IT FOR ACES AND PAINS



CAN'T SLEEP?

Relax with electric Spot Reducer. See how soothing its gentle massage can be. Helps you sleep when massage can be of benefit.



MUSCULAR ACES:

A handy helper for transient relief of discomforts that can be aided by gentle, relaxing massage.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

USED BY EXPERTS

Thousands have lost weight this way—in hips, abdomen, legs, arms, necks, buttocks, etc. The same method used by stage, screen and radio personalities and leading reducing salons. The Spot Reducer can be used in your spare time, in the privacy of your own room.

ORDER IT TODAY!

SPOT REDUCER CO., Dept. E-852
318 Market St., Newark, N. J.

Please send me the Spot Reducer for 10 days trial period. I enclose \$1. Upon arrival I will pay postman only \$8.95 plus postage and handling. If not delighted I may return SPOT REDUCER within 10 days for prompt refund of full purchase price.

Name

Address

City State

☐ SAVE POSTAGE—check here if you enclose \$9.95 with coupon. We pay all postage and handling charges. Save money that guarantees results.

LOSE WEIGHT OR NO CHARGE

signation arrangements are permitted, however, it is seldom that a taxi-dance hall management associates itself, even indirectly, with actual prostitution. The profits are too great to jeopardize, often running from \$1,000 to \$5,000 and upwards a week.

The worst joints are utterly tawdry and revolting to the decent male. There may not even be an orchestra, only a jukebox, though the type of music is no criterion of the morality of the place.

If there is a bar, drunks may sleep with their heads on the tables. The girls understand that they must dance in any way the customer demands, or they will be docked or fired.

WHILE some men may resent the fact that many taxi-dance girls, by the very nature of their profession, use their sex allure, the "hold-off" technique, false promises and other wiles to lure their patrons to buy more tickets, there is a great deal that may be said in justification of such activities, once the psychology of the girls is understood. Whether it is a creditable psychology is another matter.

"They come in here because they're after something," Laverne Desire—a stunning brunette of 23—said bitterly. "It's the old sex game. They're on one side and we're on the other."

"Oh, some of them are lonely or even afraid of what they call 'nice girls'—maybe they even feel that they aren't worthy of any girl's companionship unless they pay her for it. Funny how many guys are that way!

"But those fellows would do better to try to meet girls in bars—where it costs less to get acquainted."

"And for the nice guys—and there's lots of them I'll admit—why don't they find out about social clubs for just such guys and gals—even go to church parties?"

ONE of the saddest aspects of the taxi-dance business is the way it often attracts young girls with no particular talent other than beauty and youth. The only equipment required is an evening-dress.

It's easy to get a tryout; many places even have cards in the window asking for girls or advertise in the help-wanted columns.

Such girls may become fascinated by the easy money and constant flattery they receive from

men. Many become prey to perisistent Don Juans who spend freely and talk impressively, with the result they soon find themselves in serious trouble.

Depending on the city, the police department imposes various regulations on taxi-dance halls and girls. Enforcement also depends, of course, on the city.

In some cities, girls are required to register with the police department, be fingerprinted and photographed, fill out a dossier of vital information, and swear that they have no criminal record.

A careful check is made before the girls are licensed as hostesses and provided with identification cards.

The most serious complaint that may be made against taxi-dance halls arises from their very nature of operation.

Regardless of the morality of the management and girls, the basic purpose is to sell as many tickets as possible, for on such sale the livelihood of all depends. This leads to abuses.

THAT dance-halls where men who are unable to find partners can come for wholesome recreation are desirable is indisputable.

However, it may be that more wholesome conditions in the taxi-dance business as a whole would result if girls were paid a minimum salary plus a sliding commission which tapered downward after a certain sum were earned each week.

This would result in more basic security for the girls and would also remove the incentive to extract the last possible dollar from the customer.

It would also eliminate much of the fierce and often disgusting competition between the girls themselves, which is widespread.

Obviously, only those places which were operated on sound business principles, with adequate capital would be able to survive under this setup. This in itself would be a benefit.

In the last analysis, both the taxi-dance halls and the girls are in a licensed, legitimate business.

The time you spend with any girl on the premises will cost you somewhere between eight and fourteen cents a minute.

Frankly, you'll have a hard time finding a way of spending money faster and with less return than in the average taxi-dance hall!

THE END

PLAY RED HOT HARMONICA
MUSIC IN 8 MINUTES
FLAT



NO NOTES TO READ!

A Snap With New Sliding Note Finder
As easy as 1-2-3! You just look down and choose the single note you're playing. You get Professional tone, all for only \$1.99.



The secret is the JAY TURNER Sliding Note Finder. Authentically picks notes and melodies. All melodies are reserved. Just slide to notes. You'll play Slap, Slap, Little Brown Jug, Cor-Bey song, Western, On Swains—ALL OF THEM!—a whole lot almost as fast as you'll have them singing and dancing to your happy tunes... AND... the harmonica is a beauty. It's professional size with all the notes.

Try FREE For 10 Days

FREE TRIAL
You Play or We Pay
Nothing else to buy. You get the value for \$1.99. Try it 10 days at our risk.

Be Happy — Be Popular

Don't be a wall flower! Get in the swing of popularity. JAY TURNER's new slide note auto Sliding Harmonica will speed you up to the top. Even if you can't read or play a single note, you can play the harmonica with my method... Yes, you'll play it in 10 minutes... YES!... you'll get better and better as you play.

Free Lessons, Fast Speed Course
with plain words and picture diagrams
Included FREE Contains words and music of 30 favorite songs. Old Black Joe, Pop Goes The Weasel, Yankee Doodle, etc... \$6 in all.

10 Days FREE TRIAL
Just send the coupon. You'll get the Harmonica, only \$1.99. You get the Harmonica, the New JAY TURNER Sliding Harmonica. Try it 10 days at our risk. No money back.

10 Days FREE TRIAL
Just send the coupon. You'll get the Harmonica, only \$1.99. You get the Harmonica, the New JAY TURNER Sliding Harmonica. Try it 10 days at our risk. No money back.

10 Days FREE TRIAL
Just send the coupon. You'll get the Harmonica, only \$1.99. You get the Harmonica, the New JAY TURNER Sliding Harmonica. Try it 10 days at our risk. No money back.

THE TRUTH ABOUT CANNIBALS

(Continued from page 23)

bers of other tribes. Herodotus, the Greek historian, told of the inhabitants of India, who, impelled by hunger, killed and ate their aged relatives. Hunger has made cannibals of all races at one time or another.

Among the more notorious intra-tribe cannibals, age was received not with respect but with expectancy. The family would meet and mutually decide upon the death of one of the elders.

The most persuasive of the group would approach the intended victim and talk for hours on how wonderful it would be to die and leave the torture of this life. After the killing, there would be a great feast lasting for days.

Much of the eating of one another by tribe members had a genuine affectionate background that we would have difficulty in comprehending.

The Sardi of Sardinia considered it a kindness for the young to kill their parents. We are given a description of the old mother, "knowing that the time had come, cheerfully and resignedly making preparations for her burial.

"When all was in readiness and the funeral feast prepared, she would summon her friends and relatives, exhort her son to be of good courage, to strike hard and surely with the club, and not to wince."

A similar form of cannibalism existed among the Tibetans during our Middle Ages. The bodies of those who died were made into a paste and eaten by intimates.

The belief was that the deceased would resume life in the body of a friend rather than decay in the ground.

In many parts of the world a definite morality existed with regard to eating those within the tribe. Criminals were not to be consumed.

Many tribes had severe punishments for those who violated the law. One cannibal chief was dethroned by popular revolt because he insisted on gobbling up his wives.

THE only true cannibal, as the term has come to be known, was the one who enjoyed eating human flesh. Such a definition excluded those who did it solely for religious reasons or from hunger, although the two motives might be combined.

For example, the killing of aged persons often continued when the cause, lack of other food, disappeared.

The Tonkawas, living in our own United States, had such an inclination for this one meat that during confession, priests rarely failed to ask Tonkawas converts, "Have you eaten human flesh?"

Other tribes scattered throughout the world equally appreciated man as food, but the two most famous case histories involved the Fiji Islanders and the Pangwes of Central Africa.

The latter completely reversed the orthodox opinion of procreation. To them, children for their own sake were a burden.

Most primitives are proud to have sons, but not the Pangwes. They did raise their sons, but it was daughters that were preferred for the price they might bring.

The Pangwes did not eat their children, at least not openly, but anyone else was considered fair game.

The method of practice was for one tribe of Pangwes to begin a petty quarrel with another tribe. Not being gluttons, each tribe would select a small group of men to represent them during the time

of the quarrel.

These two groups would then engage in hand-to-hand combat. It was not satisfactory that one group should kill all of the other, but it was necessary that the fighting should continue until all but one man remained.

Thus, if five men from the winning tribe were left, they would fight among themselves and kill one another until but one survivor remained.

The tribe to which this sole survivor belonged was the victor, and besides the settling of the quarrel in question, to this tribe belonged all the dead in the fight.

THE Fijians were yet more speculatively cannibalistic. To these people every wandering human was a prospective roast out of its natural habitat.

Once a man was dead, he was not a corpse. There was no word to designate "corpse." There was only *bakola*, which could be compared to our "beef," or, more correctly, "pork." In fact, "long pig" literally meant the lifeless human body.

These Fijians were incorrigibles in the sense that they could not be dissuaded from this one dietetic principle. During later periods, with the arrival of Europeans in force, human flesh as food was reduced in abundance and became a delicacy, to be compared to our lobster.

With the Fijians, enemies killed in battle were always eaten. If there were no enemies obtainable, as with the Pangwes they were quickly made.

Long expeditions were fitted out to capture victims from their neighbors, or recourse had to the store of slaves. When all of these sources failed, the Fijians waited and prayed for a shipwreck.

Concerning shipwrecks in general, the white man occasionally had a stroke of luck. When, after a storm, they first found themselves on the coast of Australia, they were greeted by humble natives.

An early account gives a description. "The aborigines considered these whites to be the embodied spirits of their own dead.



"We lost the game, but won the fight."

"The reason for this was that the native bodies, being scalded before eaten, became white when the dark cuticle peeled away."

"So when Europeans first presented themselves to the natives' astonished visions they were simply and reverently received as the materialized spirits of their scalded ancestry."

IN THE early history of the Marquesas, shipwrecked sailors, if white, had the choice of being tattooed and joining the tribe or of being eaten. Brown men's flesh was the more tasty to these cannibals.

With the Fijians it was the same. They expressed the opinion that the too earthy flavor of the white man oftentimes caused his rejection.

This very saltiness was sought after in other regions far from the sea, in places where salt was a precious commodity.

The Boobies of Africa traveled far from their homes to get near the ocean and to have a chance at those natives who were believed to contain more salt.

One Congo chief declared he greatly preferred the flesh of the white man for its salty taste in which it resembled the most tender of young pigs.

The Caribs were unprejudiced as to race. They enjoyed the British, Dutch, French, and Portuguese almost equally with their neighboring tribesmen, but they claimed the ability to detect a difference in nationality.

If they were to have chosen between a Frenchman and a Spaniard, they would have taken a Frenchman for every meal.

The Caribs thought none could surpass the French for tastiness and digestibility, while the Spaniard was declared too tough and stringy.

THERE were as many methods of preparation of the food as there were types of cannibals. Recipes were on the whole uncomplicated.

Occasionally they would eat it raw or dry it on racks of wood, but more often they cooked the meat. The black boiling pot, however, was not one of their utensils.

The majority of humans were baked. Bodies were cut up into large-sized pieces. Holes were dug in the earth, and green leaves were used either to line the holes or to be wrapped around the sections of meat.

A layer of wood covered the bottom of the hole, and a large stone was placed on top of the wood. Additional sticks were packed between the stone and the sides of the hole.

Once the fire was started it was continued until both the ground and the stones in the several holes had been made thoroughly hot.

The embers were then removed, the flesh was put in the holes and covered by the stones. The length of cooking-time depended on the appetites of those who watched and waited.

The food was eaten together with the particular beverage of the tribe. If not well-done, the flesh was very tough, but it pulled apart easily and was considered excellent if allowed to cook long enough.

As for the roasts, they were prepared on spits and suffered the

defect of all amateur roasts. The outside was often burned while the inside remained raw.

These slight imperfections did not trouble the cannibals. Those who did not relish the crusty outside sections were happy to get the bones and crack them with their teeth.

And if anything at all remained, there were always the women huddling in the background, waiting for the opportunity.

MOST tribes did not believe in mixing their menus. If human flesh was in order, the staple vegetable diet of the tribe was laid aside for another day.

A few did enjoy their meat in the form of a stew or hash. Manioc flour or another available starchy substance was stirred into water and boiled. The meat was

Have Fun! Thrills! Romances!

Anyone Can Learn to Dance

Samba
Jitterbug
Rhumba

**Why put off learning to Dance—
NOW Here's a much EASIER WAY
than YOU ever SAW!**



No longer do YOU have to sit and watch while others enjoy dancing... NOW you can join the fun! Think of the great pleasure YOU'll get. SURPRISE and AMAZE your friends when they see you do the latest dance steps with ease. Learn from simple lessons by Betty Lee, one of America's foremost dance authorities.

LEARN THE HOT TROT, COUNTRY DANCES, RHUMBA, SAMBA, CALL SQUARE DANCES!

16 COMPLETE DANCE COURSES—each worth as much as you pay for the entire book. Join thousands who have learned to dance with the help of this amazing book. Written in simple language full of easy-to-follow illustrations—You Learn to Dance in the Privacy of Your Own Home.

LEARN TO DANCE IN 5 DAYS OR PAY NOTHING... Here's a wonderful offer. Ten this exciting book 5 days—See how it can help you become a smooth dancer and be admired. Yes, You Dance in 5 Days or return book for prompt refund of purchase price.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY

PIONEER PUBLICATIONS, INC. Dept. 422
1790 Broadway, New York 19, N. Y.

Please rush my copy of "Dancing" in plain wrapper
If I am not satisfied, I may return book in 5 days for full refund of purchase price.

☐ Send C.O.D. 1/6 per postman \$1.98 plus postage.
☐ I enclose \$1.98, you pay postage.

Some guarantees apply.

NAME _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ STATE _____

ONLY \$1.98

POSTPAID

cut into shreds and combined with this mixture.

Rice or peppers were sprinkled into the concoction. To all forms of flesh a sauce of palm and peanut oil might be added.

Each member of the tribe had a part of the body he especially favored. Some prized the brain, others the intestines. The warrior who had slain the victim was offered the fingers and toes as a delicacy.

The "long pig" was not wasted, even to the bones. Large ones were cut out to make fish-hooks, spearheads, and musical instruments. Smaller ones made needles or hairpins.

Skulls were used for drinking cups or were placed around the family hut as decorations. Occasionally they would be given to the children to play with.

IN TROPICAL climates, the problem of storage was solved by keeping the victims alive until the last possible moment. They were fed on the rich yams, breadfruit, and coconuts which abound.

The cannibals of Rosell Island

were once pleased to discover a boatload of three-hundred Chinese coolies shipwrecked on a neighboring islet.

Proceeding with deliberation, the cannibals each day escorted three or four of the victims to the main island, meanwhile bringing out boatloads of high-calorie delicacies to those who remained.

Even today, there are tribes continuing to practice cannibalism. And, incidentally or not, these tribes are as doubtful of our methods as we are of theirs.

One isolated cannibal, on hearing of our world wars, was first fascinated, then envious. His curiosity aroused, he wished to know how the white man could hope to consume such enormous quantities of human flesh.

He was told with justifiable pride that the rest of the world does not practice cannibalism.

Hearing this remark, our South Sea neighbor answered, shaking his head, "What kind of creatures are you, that you kill without any real reason?"

THE END

TRAGIC DROWNING OF 1,500 PEOPLE

(Continued from page 9)

send this warning along to the bridge, partly because he was very busy sending routine messages—which are numerous on a large ship—and partly because he did not realize that the Mesaba was ahead of the Titanic.

At 11:00 P.M. the California sighted the Titanic approaching from astern and wireless, "We are stopped and surrounded by ice." And the Titanic's wireless operator replied somewhat testily, "Shut up. I am busy. I am working Cape Race."

Ten minutes before the Titanic struck the iceberg, the Californian's wireless man turned in for the night!

MANY of the passengers aboard the world's greatest and newest ship had gone to bed, but quite a number of men were in the smoking and card rooms.

At 11:30 the Titanic's lookout, Fleet, on duty in the crow's nest, reported sighting a black object dead ahead and rang the bridge bell three times.

The helmsman put the wheel hard over, and the ship started to swing off to port. But a ship almost a sixth of a mile long is not turned quickly.

Fate apparently conspired in many ways to sink the Titanic with terrible loss of life. Even the lookout testified afterward that he would have sighted the iceberg in time for the helmsman to swing the ship out of the way if he had had glasses, but no glasses were in the crow's nest, although the officers on the bridge had them.

The iceberg passed the ship on the starboard side, almost like a ghost. Very few passengers saw it, scarcely any felt any shock.

One man in the smoking room, who had been sitting facing the windows, saw the berg slip past and said afterward that it was probably about 80 or 90 feet high.

But it soon vanished astern, and it was never seen again, or identified accurately by any person the following morning.

People, mostly, just kept on with whatever they were doing, playing

cards, reading, talking, or just sleeping.

Miss Gretchen Longley of Hudson, New York, expressed the opinion, for example, "I think that there were people on board the ship when she sunk who died without knowing that she had struck and who did not realize anything was wrong until the water rushed into their staterooms."

BUT far below the waterline, in the stokehold, the black gang knew that the ship was hurt. The entire side of a compartment crashed in, followed by tons of water. All along the side of the ship, in at least eight compartments, this was happening.

On the bridge, First Officer Murdoch immediately ordered the watertight doors between the compartments closed. Captain Smith, who had been dining, rushed to the bridge and ordered the engines stopped and the carpenter to sound the ship.

The Titanic coasted slowly to a halt and lay motionless. The first report was of water three feet deep in the mail room, and the three U. S. mail employees on duty there began transferring bags of mail to a higher deck. All three went down with the ship.

So did every one of the ship's 35 engineers, who stayed below to keep the engines running that operated the pumps and lights.

At the end, when Captain Smith ordered, "Save yourselves; it's every man for himself now," all the boats had left the ship.

Most of the firemen and stokers perished, as well as 50 bellboys, not one of whom made any effort to get into a lifeboat.

The ship lay perfectly still. A few people sauntered curiously on deck to ask what had happened, but nobody knew more than that the ship had bumped a piece of ice.

More stokers appeared on deck with the ominous word of water pouring into the ship. Then Captain Smith went to the wireless room and told Harold Bride, the second radio man, "Send the call for assistance."

"What call shall I send?" Bride asked. "The regulation international call for help," Captain Smith said calmly. "Just that."

From the Titanic's wireless, "Q. E.D." began going out.

And aboard the Californian, seven miles away, the lone radio man was sleeping.

Then the command came from the bridge, "All passengers on deck with lifeboats on." The first rocket

An Amazing Invention—"Magic Art Reproducer"

DRAW The First Day

**NO LESSONS!
NO TALENT!**

**You Can Draw Your Family, Friends, Anything From REAL LIFE—
Like An Artist...Even if You CAN'T DRAW A Straight Line!**

**Anyone can Draw With This
Amazing New Invention—
Instantly!**



Complete for only

\$1.98

Also Copy Any Picture—Can Reduce or Enlarge Any Picture! Yes, anyone from 5 to 80 can draw or sketch or paint anything now...the very first time you use the "Magic Art Reproducer" like a professional artist—no matter how "hopeless" you think you are! It automatically reproduces anything you want to draw on any sheet or paper. Then easily and quickly follow the lines of the "picture image" with your pencil...and you have an accurate original drawing that anyone would think an artist had done. Also makes drawing larger or smaller as you wish. Anyone can use it on any desk, table, board, etc.—indoors or outdoors! No other lessons or practice or talent needed!

Have fun! Be popular! Everyone will ask you to draw them. You'll be in demand! After a short time, you may find you can draw well without the "Magic Art Reproducer" because you have developed a "knack" and feeling artists have—which may lead to a good paying art career.

FREE!

"Simple
Secrets of
Art Tricks
of the Trade"

This valuable illustrated guide is yours FREE with order of "Magic Art Reproducer." Easy ABC art tricks that anyone can follow on different techniques, effects, proportions, perspectives, shading, color, animated cartoons, human figures to use with "Magic Art Reproducer" for added touches to your drawings.

**SEND NO MONEY!
Free 10-Day Trial!**

Just send name and address. Pay postman on delivery \$1.98 plus postage. Or send only \$1.98 with order and we pay postage. You must be convinced that you can draw anything like an artist, or return merchandise after 10-day trial and your money will be refunded.

**NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. NTN-4
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.**

**ALSO EXCELLENT FOR EVERY OTHER
TYPE OF DRAWING!**

• Human Figures



• Copy all cartoons, comics



• Outdoor Scenes, landscapes, buildings



• Copy photos, other pictures, portraits, etc.



• Still life, vases, bowls of fruit, lamps, furniture, all objects



• Copy designs, blueprints, decorations, etc. for woodwork, machine, for needlework, crocheting, knitting



FREE 10-DAY TRIAL COUPON!

**NORTON PRODUCTS, Dept. NTN-4
296 Broadway, New York 7, N. Y.**

Rush my "Magic Art Reproducer" plus FREE illustrated guide Simple Secrets of Art Tricks of the Trade. I will pay postman on delivery only \$1.98 plus postage. I must be convinced that I can draw anything like an artist, or I can return merchandise after 10-day trial and get my money back.

Name.....

Address.....

City & Zone.....State.....

☐ Check here if you wish to save coupon by sending only \$1.98 with coupon. Same Money Back Guarantee!

a solid mass of close-packed, silent men, waiting . . . Hundreds, apparently fearing that they would be drawn down by suction as the ship sank, jumped into the water. But the lifeboats, also fearing suction, had also pulled quite a distance away.

On deck, the Rev. Thomas Befes quietly knelt and began a prayer service. He was still on his knees as the ship took its final dive.

The eight-piece string band—Kraus, Taylor, Woodward, Clark, Hume, Bralley, Briceux, and Hartley—who up until now had been promenading the decks playing popular airs, suddenly played a single chorus of "Nearer My God To Thee."

They were playing an Episcopal hymn—"Autumn"—as the water swirled over their instruments. All these brave men perished.

The Titanic had sent her last wireless message: "Sinking by the head." But the operators still stood by their instruments hoping for even a brief resumption of some sort of power.

In the engine room, the doomed engineers were still working a few of the pumps. Suddenly the signal "Ring Off"—the last given after a ship has docked—appeared on the engineroom telegraph.

On the bridge, Captain Smith had given the general order, "You have done your duty; it is now every man for himself. Save yourselves if you can."

The deckhouses, the railings, all the high parts of the stern were crowded with silent men. "The men stood quietly," Mr. Lightoller wrote, "as if they knew they were in church. They knew that they were in the sight of God."

At 2:15, the Titanic was completely down forward, while her stern and propellers were high out of the water. Gradually the tilt increased.

Suddenly there was a terrific rumbling roar, as the engines, boilers, and other heavy machinery crashed forward through the bulkheads into the lower, forward part of the ship. Much of this machinery may have plunged completely through the bow of the ship.

THE tilt of the ship rapidly increased, with the stern and propellers rising 150 feet out of the water. For a long time—perhaps four minutes—the ship stood absolutely vertical in the water. Then, very slowly, she slid straight down. She was going just as slowly when her rudder disappeared. All her

lights went out just before she vanished.

Then the terrible wailing of more than 1,500 human beings who had suddenly been precipitated into the freezing water began.

Gradually, the cries of the drowning ceased. The lifeboats waited. The weather was roughening, a breeze was coming up.

At 4:00 A.M. a ship was sighted in the first flush of dawn picking her way slowly through the ice that was now seen everywhere—acres of field ice and hundreds of bergs, many of them 100 or 200 feet high.

She was the Carpathia, Captain Rostron commanding, and she had covered the 58 miles in three and one-half hours, far above her usual speed.

And she had made the run with the knowledge that icebergs lay ahead. She only slowed after she actually entered the field in which the Titanic had sunk.

Mr. Lightoller was the only senior officer of the ship who was saved; he was swept overboard as the ship sank but was rescued by one of the rafts. That point was brought out at the Senate inquiry, when he was asked, "Did you leave the ship?"

"No, sir," Mr. Lightoller replied. "Did the ship leave you?"

"Yes, sir."

ON the morning of the sinking, April 15, the New York Times made an amazing scoop when it daringly headlined, "New Liner Titanic Hits An Iceberg; Sinking By The Bow At Midnight"—based on fragmentary information received at Cape Race by wireless.

On Sunday, many churches both in this country and abroad held memorial services for the victims of the Titanic sinking. Many pastors considered the disaster a warning of the Deity against man's presumption. The Rev. Charles A. Eaton of the Madison Ave. Baptist Church in New York, for example, declared:

"If the builders of the Titanic had had a real faith in the almightiness of God, they would not have believed that they could build something to master his seas."

As a matter of fact, no shipbuilder has dared to declare his vessel "unsinkable" since!

It is a tragic fact that 1,595 persons paid with their lives and the greatest ship ever built was lost on her maiden voyage because ice proved a greater titan than the Titanic!

**I Earned \$16.85 Today
In Only 5 Hours!**

"And for the past four months I've averaged over \$2.50 an hour during my spare time," says George Clarkson, private claims adjuster in Minnesota.

NEW CLAIMS ADJUSTING offers wonderful opportunities. Men and women are finding excellent adjusting jobs—both part time and full time.

Trained adjusters are needed immediately by airlines, steamship lines, insurance companies, government offices and department stores. **WANT NOW? EARN UP TO \$2.50 A WEEK IN THIS FASCINATING WORK.** Adjusting is easy to learn. No experience needed. We can train you at home. Send coupons TODAY for FREE book. No obligation.

MAIL COUPON TODAY

UNIVERSAL SCHOOLS

Box 8202, University Park, Dallas 3, Texas

Name

Address

City Zone State



Learn Profitable Profession in 90 days at Home

Men and Women, 18 to 55
Many leading insurance companies have
openings. Large fast income from
home. No experience necessary. Rates of
private practice. Extra-rapid growth
in business. No salary. Free full-
time future security by training at
home and earning for full-time
income. Agency charge and 10% new
business. The College of Swedish Massage
45 E. Pearson St., Chicago 11

Dep. 234-D

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, AND CIRCULATION REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AS AMENDED BY THE ACTS OF MARCH 3, 1932, AND JULY 2, 1946 (Title 39, U. S. Code, Section 233) OF MAN TO MAN, published Bi-Monthly at New York, N. Y. for October 1, 1931.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, Adrian B. Lopez, 103 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y.; Editor, W. W. Scott, 103 East 35th Street, New York 16, N. Y.; Managing editor, Nona Business manager, Armand J. Lopez, 103 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y.

2. The owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a partnership or other unincorporated firm, its name and address, as well as that of each individual member, must be given.) Volitant Publishing Corporation, 103 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y.; Adrian B. Lopez, 103 East 35th St., New York 16, N. Y.

3. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting; also the statements in the two paragraphs show the affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholdings and securities are held by persons who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner.

(Signed) ARMAND J. LOPEZ, Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 27th day of September, 1931.

Jack L. Miller, Notary Public
(My commission expires March 30, 1932)

**MAKES LEARNING
MUSIC SO EASY
--IT'S ALMOST
LIKE MAGIC!**

**I DIDN'T KNOW
A SINGLE NOTE
WHEN I STARTED!**

**WHAT I LIKE IS
THE LOW COST
--JUST A FEW
CENTS A LESSON!**

**AND IT'S SO MUCH
FUN--YOU START
RIGHT OUT PLAYING
REAL PIECES!**



Every One's Talking About This WONDERFUL, EASY WAY TO LEARN MUSIC!

**I'VE LEARNED TO PLAY
SO QUICKLY MY FRIENDS
ARE SIMPLY AMAZED!**

No Matter WHO You Are, or WHERE You
Live, or How LITTLE You Know About Music, You Can
Soon Play Your Favorite Pieces by Note, FREE BOOK Tells All About It.

NO wonder over 550,000 people
have chosen this modern way
to learn music! Here at last is a
method by which anyone can learn
to play his favorite musical instru-
ment quickly and easily. Now there
is nothing to prevent you from
making your dream of playing
music come true!

EVEN IF you don't know a note of
music yet . . .
EVEN IF there is no music teacher
near your home . . .
EVEN IF you couldn't afford private
lessons . . .
EVEN IF you can spare only a few
minutes a day, or a few hours a week.
EVEN IF you are "old dead" to
your job or your home . . .
EVEN IF you think you "lack musical
talent" . . .
EVEN IF all these things are true of
you, we guarantee to show you how to

play! So quickly your friends will be amaz-
ed. So pleasantly you'll really look forward
to each new lesson. So inspiringly you'll
never miss the few cents per lesson which
it costs!

Secret of Rapid Progress

Instead of making you do tedious scales
and thousands exercises, the U. S. School of
Music Lessons (in words and pictures) en-
ables you to learn by playing real pieces—
right from the very start! As a result, your
progress is amazingly rapid. Almost before
you realize it, you find yourself playing
all your favorite pieces by note.

Why not let this famous home study
method bring the many pleasures of music
into YOUR life? It can bring you count-
less good times. New friends. Extra money
from playing or teaching. Greater listening
pleasure. Possibly a brilliant musical so-
nnet. Best of all, the finer personal satis-
faction of being able to make your own
music—provides your own entertainment.

**THOUSANDS NOW PLAY
WHO NEVER THOUGHT THEY COULD**

Didn't Know A Note — Now Plays For Dances

"I didn't know about notes or
musical notes until I started to
play for dances. I have been invited
to many parties and make people very hap-
py with my music." — Mrs. Mary
Kavanaugh, Walworth, N. Y.

Amuses Her Friends

"I had some friends that I used to
play the piano for. They don't be-
lieve me now because I can play anything.
Including their favorite last night when I
played for them. Our son, Ray, Louis.
It sounds like you're home playing for
them!" — Mrs. L. J. Jones, Dallas, Tex.

"Easy As Felling Off Log"

"It's easy as felling off a log. I
have always wanted to play and now
a 150-page dream is being realized." —
Mrs. Charles A. Jones, Standing, Okla.

Leaves Father Without Teacher

"I have no music talent—but thanks
to your method, I play my guitar con-
stantly in my spare time. I have been
many places and have been much
pleased to play for people, and
now I am a better pianist. I am
now a better pianist. I am now a better pianist."
— Mrs. J. J. Jones, Dallas, Tex.

New Famous Orchestra Leader Got His Start

"I got my start in music with a U. S.
School Lesson. They said it is to be
learned by playing real pieces, and
that's what I did. I was taught to
play the piano and the guitar. I was
taught to play the piano and the guitar.
I was taught to play the piano and the guitar."
— Mrs. J. J. Jones, Dallas, Tex.

U. S. School of Music,
Studio 1144, Fort Washington, N.Y.
I am interested in learning to play
particularly the instrument checked be-
low. Please send me your free illustrated
booklet, "How to Learn Music at Home"
—also the free Instruction-Sample of
your simplified word-and-picture teach-
ing method. NO SALESMAN IS TO
CALL UPON ME.

() Piano	() Trumpet	() Modern Musicality
() Guitar	() Clarinet	() Harmonica
() Mandolin	() Piano	() Mandolin
() Violin	() Organ	() Piano
() Piano	() Piano	() Piano
() Piano	() Piano	() Piano
() Piano	() Piano	() Piano
() Piano	() Piano	() Piano
() Piano	() Piano	() Piano
() Piano	() Piano	() Piano

Do you have the instrument?

(Mr.) _____
(Mrs.) _____
(Miss) _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____

NOTE: If you are under 18 years of age
parent must sign return.

SEND FOR Free Book
and Free Instruction-Sample

Let us PROVE that what we
say is true. See for yourself
why our School has been so
successful for 53 years. Mail
the coupon below, and we'll
gladly send you our valuable
35-page FREE BOOK — and
also a Free Instruction-Sample
you can try out at home.
No obligation; no salesman
will call on you. U. S. School
of Music, Studio
1144, Fort Wash-
ington, New York.
(Special Reduced
Prices on Instru-
ments to our stu-
dents.)

WHAT YOU CAN DO ABOUT PIMPLES

Acne, Blackheads, and other externally caused Skin Blemishes

WHEN pimply skin is your problem, the first thing to get straight is that you *can* and *should* do something about it. To develop the attractiveness of your face is not mere vanity. It is an "open sesame" towards bringing the real YOU closer to other people and giving your personality the poise and confidence it needs. Your good qualities — intelligence, character, dignity — all go to naught... are completely cancelled out by a skin that "nobody loves to touch." Remember, the YOU that people see first is your face.

SKIN PROBLEMS

DEMAND IMMEDIATE CARE

Medical statistics tell us that blemished skin usually occurs from adolescence on through adult life. The problem at the adolescent stage is serious enough to deserve attentive care as a family matter. In adulthood, when life's responsibilities are so much weightier, it is doubly important to exert great effort to eliminate these blemishes. And, there is no better time to get pimples under control than now,

DON'T ABUSE SKIN

The first instinctive reaction to pimples and blackheads is to squeeze them out with your fingers. A bit of experimentation along these lines soon provides convincing proof that this succeeds only in inflaming your skin and spreading the infection. Under no circumstances should pimples and blackheads ever be squeezed.



MICROSCOPE SHOWS IMPORTANT BASIS FOR EXTERNALLY CAUSED PIMPLES AND BLACKHEADS

Let's take a look through the microscope to see what's behind those unsightly pimples. The high-powered lenses show your skin coated with a covering which originated from two sources—one, internally and the other, externally.

The internal substances on your skin include dead cells, residue from the sweat glands, and a high quantity of oil excreted by the sebaceous glands. A most important factor in skin disorders occurs when thousands of these tiny sebaceous glands discharge more oil than the skin can use for lubrication. Unless special care is given, the oil forms a heavy film which attracts foreign matter to your skin much as any oil mop picks up dust. These infectious external substances may be classified into three general groups:

1. Airborne materials such as dust, pollen, condensation products of smoke, vapors, etc.
2. Materials brought in contact with the skin, such as tiny fragments of clothing, bedding, cosmetics.
3. Micro-organisms such as bacteria and fungi.

See the difference between a healthy skin and a pimply skin in the microscopic reproductions below.



A. Normal skin

B. Sick, pimply skin

Diagram A shows a normal-size, smoothly functioning sebaceous gland. Diagram B pictures sick, pimply skin. Notice that the sebaceous gland is a swollen mass of trapped oil, waste and infectious bacteria.

TRY THIS SENSIBLE WAY

Two sensible aims to achieve in controlling this skin condition are: to clear the pores of clogging matter, and to inhibit the excessive oiliness of the skin. Toward these ends, Dornol Products' research makes available two formulas. One is to aid in thorough cleansing by highly detergent penetration which simplifies the removal of waste and foreign matter. The other is to discourage oiliness with clinically-proved ingredients, and to kill infec-



tious bacteria often associated with externally caused pimples and blackheads.

BLEMISHES COVERED UP

To remove the distressing embarrassment of these skin blemishes, the second Dornol formula exerts a "cover-up" action on your broken out skin while the medication does its work. This, plus its pleasant odor, will spare you the mental distress which is associated with unsightly, malodorous, medicated preparations. Imagine! You can apply this Dornol formula to your skin by day and face the immediate present with greater confidence in your appearance, while secure in the knowledge that medication is acting to remove old blemishes and keep away new ones. What this "cover-up" action alone is worth in peace of mind is beyond calculation. No longer need prying eyes make you wince with humiliation and misery. Now because of this wonderful feature of the Dornol treatment, you can put your best foot forward ... at once!

SATISFACTION GUARANTEED

OR

DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK

We know what the Dornol Treatment has done for others, so we want you to try it at our risk. A few minutes a day invested in our treatment can yield more gratifying results than you ever dared hope for. This is what we say to you: If you are not delighted in every way by the improved condition and general appearance of your skin in just 10 days, simply return the unused portion and we will refund not only the price you paid — but **DOUBLE YOUR MONEY BACK!** Can anything be fairer than that? You have everything to gain... and we take all the risk!

How to get the Dornol Treatment immediately: Just send your name and address to DORNOL PRODUCTS, INC., Dept. 7404 363 Central Park Ave., Yonkers, N. Y. Be sure to print clearly. By return mail we will ship the Dornol treatment to you in a plain package. When postman delivers the package, pay only \$1.98 plus postage. Or, if you wish to save postal fee, send \$2 now and we will pay postage. Which ever way you order, the **DOUBLE REFUND GUARANTEE** still prevails. Don't delay another minute, send for the Dornol Medicated Skin treatment with "cover-up" feature... at once! Sorry, no Canadian C.O.D.'s.

How to Make YOUR Body Bring You FAME

... Instead of SHAME!

ARE YOU
Skinny?
Weak?
Flabby?

Will You Let Me
Prove I Can Make You
a New Man?

I KNOW what it means to have the kind of body that people stare at. Of course, you wouldn't know it to look at me now, but I was once a skinny weakling who weighed only 97 lb! I was ashamed to strip for sports or movies for a living. I was just a poor specimen of physical development that I was constantly self-conscious and embarrassed. And I felt only HALF-ALIVE.

But later I discovered the secret that turned me into "The World's Most Perfectly Developed Man." And now I'd like to prove to you that the same system can make a NEW MAN of YOU!

What "Dynamic Tension" Will Do For You

I don't care how old or young you are, or how ashamed of your present physical condition you may be. I can simply give you an arm and leg, or I can add still **MORE** to an average 100-lb. man's arm, in double quick time! Only 15 minutes a day, 5 or 10 in your own home, is all the time I ask of you! And there's no cost at all!

I can broaden your shoulders, broaden your back, develop your calves, a whole system (N.B. and O.E. TENSE!) I can add inches to your chest, give you a size 14E grip, make double head of your liver and powerful I can build new strength into your old backbone, exercise those inner organs, help you relax your back, get rid of pain, rigors and all-around aches that you won't feel there even "standing room" left for us—the sound that has led me! Before I get through with you I'll have your whole life changed, your life new, beautiful and of muscle!

Only 15 Minutes A Day

No "ifs," "ands," or "buts!" Just tell me where you want firm, powerful muscles. Are you fat and flabby? Or skinny and gangly? Are you short-winded, restless? Do you hold back and let others walk off with the greatest jobs, best jobs, etc.? Then write for details about "Dynamic Tension" and learn how I can make you a healthy, confident, powerful HE-MAN.

"Dynamic Tension" is an entirely NATURAL method that "reconstructs" your spare time and it comes in the shape of simple results... and it's absolutely fun. "Dynamic Tension" does the work.

"Dynamic Tension"! That's the secret! The result is a method that I myself developed to change my body from the so-called "skinny" build to a muscular physique. Thousands of other fellows are likewise, and when physical specimens—myself—I give you no guarantee or conditions to deal with. Who can have learned to develop your strength through "Dynamic Tension" you can laugh at "weakness" and "boredom." You might notice the DORMANT muscles in your own body—stretch it in motion and suddenly you're real, solid L.V.E. MUSCLE.

My method—"Dynamic Tension"—will turn the clock for you. No doctor's visits, no expense, no time. And you can begin right now! 15 minutes a day in your own home. From this very spot you'll be using your whole body—stretch it in motion and suddenly you're real, solid L.V.E. MUSCLE.

Charles
Atlas

Holder of the
The World's
Most Perfectly
Developed Muscles

This is an actual photograph.

Mail Coupon
For My
FREE Book

CHARLES ATLAS, Dept. 204-R
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

Name _____
Address _____
City _____

Please print or write plainly

Name _____

Address _____

City _____

State _____



My Illustrated Book is Yours
—Not for \$1.00 or 10c—But **FREE**

Send \$1.00 to receive book. I will
be very glad to send you a copy of
my book "Dynamic Tension" which is
a complete and scientific system of
building up your muscles. Please send
me your check or money order.

Yes, I will send you a copy of my
book "Dynamic Tension" which is
a complete and scientific system of
building up your muscles. Please send
me your check or money order.
Charles Atlas, Dept. 204-R
115 East 23rd St., New York 10, N. Y.

D&M-DREGS



6 50286 90038 9

Est. 2008